



SKETCH IN THE VALLEY OF NEPAUL.

# JOURNAL

OF

A WINTER'S TOUR IN INDIA:

WITH

A Visit to the Court of Nepaul.

BY THE

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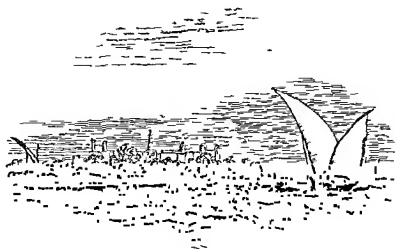


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ON THE NILE

## CHAPTER I

The Shalar Bagh—Reception and Fête at the Court of Oude—  
A Wedding Feast at the Palace—Return to Cawnpore—A Parade—  
A Moonshee and his Kindred—Cawnpore to Mynporee and Agra

*Sunday, Feb. 16.*—As we have seen nearly all the sights, we were not trotted out this morning till church-time. I thought it rather Anglo-Indian luxury to have the carriages out to go the hundred yards to church, as we did. The building is a small affair, in the pointed Gothic style, situated just outside the Residency compound. Like most

other Residency compounds (or enclosures) this one contains, besides the Residency itself, a Treasury, and a few other buildings for other officials. Here, however, no one lives in the compound but the doctor, who has a very nice house close by. Almost all the other European residents live at the cantonments, about three miles off, where are quartered the three sepoy regiments, which furnish the Resident's guard, and assist that gentleman to take care of the King of Oude, and his territory. The congregation consisted of one family besides our own party, and the boys of the Lamartinière, thirty or forty in number, who came in a bullock van, and looked healthy and clean. There was no singing, but the service was very well performed. In the evening, we sent to the King for horses, but they were too long coming, so we went for a drive instead, it not being considered etiquette to walk here. I went with the doctor, in his very neat little pony carriage, drawn by two pretty white Arabs, the others following in the carriage and four, with the escort of suwars. We drove through the dirty town, to the public gardens, called the Shalar

Bagh They were given by a former King to the English community, and make a very pleasant promenade The name signifies the four pavilions, and is derived from the fact that the promenade is made by uniting four gardens, each with its pavilion There were English flowers, arrow-root, wheat, barley, &c, besides indigenous plants growing in it, and about two miles of walks traced through it all very nice, and such a glorious moon rise !

*Monday, Feb 17*—The Kings horses came again this morning, and some of us sallied forth for a canter to the cantonments They are about two and a half miles off, on the other side of the river, which is crossed by an iron bridge I wonder how they came to be on the opposite side to the Residency It seems to me, that in case of insurrection it might place the Residency people in a very awkward position The ride is rather pretty, along a good road, not too hard for cantering At one place we passed between some large cages, in which are some fine tigers They belong to a rich native, a great sportsman and a capital shot Some



servants were airing some of his dogs as we passed. At the cantonments a battery was exercising, the guns and waggons drawn by oxen, some recruits drilling, and a few of the officers in plain clothes, riding about. All the guards very civil, turn out, present arms, &c.; one began to imagine oneself to be "somebody." We could not stop long, for at half-past eight we were to breakfast at Court, so we cantered home again in time to wash and dress, which operations were hardly over when the messenger arrived to say that the King was ready. Colonel Sleeman took some of us in the carriage and four, escorted by the whole troop of suwars, who looked particularly well in their red uniforms, carbine in hand, and their horses curvetting along. Mrs. Sleeman and the remainder of the party followed in other carriages, and we made a very handsome procession. A drive of a mile or so brought us to the palace, which is situated on the banks of the Goomptje, and adjoins the one we visited on the first day. Passing through a gateway, we entered a large enclosure in which were some of the Court carriages, vehicles such as no

other Court in the world can boast One was shaped like, and painted in imitation of, a fish, another was an immense charabanc, which would hold I don't know how many people, and a third was a nondescript affair, drawn by four richly caparisoned elephants The fish carriage had two elephants, among the others one had eight horses, and one had nine, in the latter case harnessed three and three These were certainly the most wonderful turns out I ever saw A sharp turn through another gateway brought us into a spacious inner court, full of the horses of the cavalry, who had dismounted, and were now drawn up as a guard of honour in another inner court These horses belonged to a newly raised corps, had bran new saddle gear and equipments, and looked rather well, all the better for the absence of their riders Elephants with rich howdahs shining with gold and brilliant colours, more queer carriages, numbers of gaily dressed people, some carrying banners, some maces, some lances, almost all of them jabbering and shouting, made a noisy and animated throng The last inner court is laid

out as a garden, with slightly raised terraces, and a tank also raised, in which numerous small fountains were playing, down the centre of it. The dismounted cavalry before mentioned, and a number of other troops, (dressed, I should think, from portraits of troopers of the year 1810 or so), were drawn up on either side, a band played, people shouted, and a quantity of shawls and turbans with men inside them, escorted us along the garden to the royal presence. Grosvenor and the Resident went in tonjons (armchairs on poles), we walking alongside. The King, whose dress was really superb, received his guests under a kind of verandah, and the usual compliments being over, we were all taken to breakfast. All the European residents who chose to send their names in had been invited to this feast, and about eighty, including several ladies, were present. We Europeans nearly all sat on one side of the table, the natives on the other. Grosvenor and the Resident alone sat on either side of his Majesty. The food being almost entirely uneatable, we had plenty of leisure to look about us, and to stare.

particularly at the King. First I tried a fried egg, but that they had rendered excessively nasty, so I contented myself with a hunch of bread, and a good look at the great people, who returned our staring with interest. The King, a fat, sensual, but not ill-natured looking man, of apparently forty five, but really twenty eight, years of age, was absolutely gorgeous with jewellery. I never saw such rubies and emeralds as his necklace was composed of, they really seemed to me little smaller than bantams' eggs. He, his brothers, and sons, all wore crown-like caps, with bird of paradise plumes, the King's cap more ornamented with jewels than the others, and the sides rising in points like a diadem, the points covered with diamonds. Strings of pearls, emeralds, and rubies, hung from different parts of his dress and cap, and he wore a miniature of, I believe, his father, also set in diamonds. The fault of his dress, as well as of that of his family, was the mixture of tinsel and spangles with all this fine jewellery. It made one doubtful as to which was which. In this respect, the Nepaulese looked much better than the Oude Court, though in fact, the T

of Oude is much better off for jewels, than he of Nepaul. The heir apparent, a sharp looking lad of twelve years old, sat next the Resident on the King's right, with his younger brother next him, a tall black eunuch attending them. Next came sundry of the King's brothers, the whole of them, small boys and all, resplendent with jewels. The room was filled with a crowd of servants and retainers, who certainly did not seem to consider silence necessary in the presence of their master, besides which two bands, or more, relieved one another continually, and some singing women kept up a monotonous song, whilst every now and then a Court poet or jester, or both, spouted poetry complimentary to the King in the loudest possible voice. After half an hour of this work, a general move was made to a balcony overlooking the river, the opposite bank of which was covered with a many-coloured crowd of people, horse and foot, waiting to see the expected elephant fights, &c. Whilst waiting for the elephants, some antelopes were pitted against one another on a small space of ground between the palace and the river, and a bear,

who seemed very riotous, and strongly objected to being held by the dozen men who led him with as many long ropes, was trotted out. No antagonist appeared for him, so he was subsequently led back again. The antelopes charged one another and rattled their horns together without doing one another any harm to speak of, and then came some sword exercise and wrestling. The former was more a proof of how difficult it was to wave a sword about without cutting oneself, than a proof of dexterity in the way of hurting anybody else with it, the only feat performed being a brandishing of a long plant weapon in each hand, another shorter weapon, with the blade in a line with the long one but with the point inwards, being also fixed to each sword handle. Afterwards another man cut a lemon in two without injuring a handkerchief in which the lemon was wrapped. At least they said the lemon was cut in two.\* In the mean time two elephants were having a fight on the opposite bank. The prettiest part of this was, when the elephants

\* The natives are, however, said to be very expert with the long plant sword.

took to charging the mob, which surrounded them at a respectful distance. The rush of the many-headed in every direction, the horsemen careering round and stirring up the animal with their spears, amid the shouts and the clouds of dust, were very gay and picturesque. Suddenly rushes in the opposition elephant; they look at one another for a moment, and then run like two animated haystacks against one another, interlacing their trunks and butting against one another like two rams. One at last conquers, turns the other round, and drives him a long way, stirring him up behind with his tusks. At last the beaten one gets angry, turns round, and suddenly charging the other, pushes him back in his turn, but they are separated by a noisy discharge of fireworks, and the battle ends, to be repeated by another pair. It is singular that they seldom, if ever, attempt to lay hold of one another's mahout, who sit on their elephant's backs the whole time, and excite them by cries and prods of the little boat-hook-like weapon used to guide elephants. Instead of sitting almost on the animal's head, they sit further back on a large pad, otherwise,

I should think, they would probably get knocked off by the enemy's trunk whether he meant it or not. Once while the mob was teasing one of the elephants, he made a rush and seized a horseman's lance, which he carried for some time, brandishing it in the air. There is something grand in the rapid rush of an angry elephant though never without a certain degree of awkwardness. During the whole exhibition horsemen were careering about in various directions, showing a certain amount of somewhat indifferent horsemanship. Afterwards another adjournment took place to some barred windows overlooking a court yard, into which were admitted a very large tiger and a very small buffalo. The latter—a cow too—seemed to have no chance. The tiger had her down in a moment, and lay with his powerful jaws apparently fixed on the buffalo's throat, his paws holding the poor beast as if in a vice. I thought the tiger was sucking the blood out of the buffalo's throat, and that it was all over with it, but such proved not to be the case. Another cow buffalo was let in, with a larger, but ill shaped, pair



of horns. The tiger made the first attack, and for a moment had the best of it, inflicting some severe scratches, but whilst they were rolling over one another, the first buffalo, which had been lying apparently dead, gave the tiger a good prod as he rolled by, and shortly afterwards it got up. After a short consultation 'with number two buffalo,' the latter made a gallant charge at the tiger, who evidently cowed (no pun intended) by the conduct of his opponents, only pawed angrily at them, and tried to get away. The smaller buffalo, too, which had looked rather "groggy," now began to pluck up, and, except a little blood about the throat, seemed little the worse. Another smaller tiger was then let in, and the two set on the cattle again, the smaller buffalo suffering most, but the result of the engagement was rather in favour of horns *versus* claws, and when another tiger was let in they began fighting with one another instead of with the buffaloes, so they were separated, and we adjourned to another court to see horses fight. There was little in this, but the attitudes of the animals were rather fine, and they were separated without doing

one another any damage to speak of By far the finest part of this exhibition was the tiger fighting the attitudes and expression of the animals were magnificent, but they could not have been fighting *de bon cœur*, for the jaws of the first tiger would have killed any buffalo if he had wished it, when he had him down by the throat Probably good living and long confinement had weakened his powers or disposition to do mischief They say that much the best sport in these rather cruel exhibitions is afforded by a hyena and a donkey, the latter being generally victorious and a very vehement assailant Soon after the fights we left in procession as we came, and were not sorry to combine a real breakfast and tiffin into one, the preparatory meal at the palace not having been well adapted to the stomach of an Englishman As we all passed the King to take leave, his Majesty placed a tinsel and gilt collar over each of our necks, and the heir apparent did us the favour of placing some excessively stinking scent on our handkerchiefs, whereby I was forced to throw away mine, subsequently, as it would not get rid of the stench,

ladies, officers in uniform, music and glitter, the fireworks, and illuminated court-yard with playing fountains, altogether made a scene such as I never saw before, and probably never shall see again. It was more like the last scene in the "Island of Jewels" than anything else that I can think of. The *fête* was in honour of the marriage of the King's youngest son, a boy of four or five years of age, to a daughter or niece of the prime minister, and the little imp of a bridegroom was brought out splendidly dressed, to be exhibited to the company. The dinner was given in the Durbar room of the old palace, the red-hot, verandah-like place we visited on the first day, and thanks to the open sides of the building, and the coolness of the night air, the temperature was very agreeable. The King, his brother, and sons, received us near the head of the stairs, and we at once proceeded to the business of the evening. We were not seated however without some struggle for places, and I found myself between Grosvenor and, perhaps, the most intelligent-looking native present, who proved to be the King's brother-in-law. Another interesting

neighbour was a roast guinea fowl, off which I made my dinner. The table was laid as nearly European fashion as their acquaintance with our manners and customs would allow, and there was no lack of wine, if one only knew how to ask for it. Fortunately for Grosvenor and me, there was a servant behind us who knew a little English, and through him we managed to get some bread and other things, between which, the fowl, and the rice, we got on pretty well. Through the same individual I managed to establish a conversation with my neighbour, who was mightily taken with my ring, which contains a key, a style of thing he had never seen before. As usual with natives of India, he was very anxious to know what our names, professions, &c., were, and seemed edified, but not much the wiser, when he ascertained that I was in the navy. Between these interesting facts, and the Great Exhibition, and the bands which played at intervals, we got on very well indeed. The King was about the most gorgeous, and yet nearly the most absurd individual I ever saw. All the effect of his magnificent robes and jewels was injured, not

to say spoilt, by the ridiculous addition of a 12nd Highlander's bonnet and plumes, which he wore with an air as if he really thought he had "done it now." Besides the usual black feathers, he had added a bird of paradise plume to one side of it, the whole effect being supremely ridiculous. In other respects, with his yellow and gold dress, and blue velvet mantle powdered with gold fleurs-de-lis, his splendid jewelled chains, and his gold embroidered slippers, he was the most gorgeously "got up" individual I ever saw. The chains he wore, three or four in number, were something like the collars of different orders of knighthood, but one mass of pearls or other precious stones. Besides these, he had strings of jewels of immense size hanging about his elbows, an attendant walking close behind him on each side to hold them, for fear they should break off. In fact, as he stood, I should think he would have been cheap at 100,000*l*. The dresses of the rest of the Court were fair pendants to that of the King, only of course, proportionately less magnificent, but I think the English did not show badly either, seeing that among us we had

some fair ladies who would have graced any Court, and were a far greater ornament to the saloons of the King of Oude than any of the jewelled princes. At his Majesty's particular request, the Resident gave the Queen's health, followed also, at his request, by three cheers, uncommonly well given by, of course, the English part of the company, the bands playing "God save the Queen" (only they began not exactly at the same time). I think the staid Orientals were rather astonished at the row we made, and the King was pleased at having nearly the same noise made when we drank his health afterwards. That done, we all adjourned to a balcony overlooking the entrance court beyond the throne room. This court is laid out as a garden, but has one of the thoroughfares of the city leading through it, and the balcony is the one our troops fired into, in the disturbance or revolution of 1837, which led to the establishment on the throne of the present family. On that occasion the present King was green enough to be in the balcony, and had a narrow escape from being shot, as some seventy or eighty

people were, I believe. Arm-chairs had been placed for us, and the King was no sooner seated than the fireworks, which had been placed in the court, were let off. It was great fun. Not that the fireworks themselves were anything very wonderful; Cremorne or Vauxhall would quite have eclipsed them; but they were fanciful, and all going off together without any attention to arrangement. Fire-balloons by dozens, rockets by hundreds, elephants with fiery tails on a kind of merry-go-round, fish whirling, serpents hissing, fiery fountains playing, and men with their stomachs full of squibs—it was like the last scene in a grand burlesque. I flatter myself our balcony was not an inconsiderable part of the show, what with the ladies and the jewels, not that our own party cut any great figure in our rather shabby than not, plain clothes, which pettarah travelling has not improved. A grand bouquet of rockets finished the exhibition and the entertainment, and we all retired, receiving the usual tinsel chains, but avoiding the scent ceremony. The chains are, I suppose, given instead of the old custom of giving really handsome

presents, which I am mercenary enough to wish they had revived in the present instance. It was quite late before tea was over at the Residency, late for India that is, past midnight.

*Tuesday, Feb 18*—Our very pleasant visit to Lucknow ended to day. Whatever the faults of the King of Oude may be, or the defects of his Government, he has shown himself very hospitable to us individually, and very well disposed to the English generally. The want of integrity, however, joined to the immorality so common to Indian dynasties, is silently working the ruin of Oude as an independent nation. Anarchy, confusion, fraud, and all the vices incidental to an ill governed nation where each is striving for himself alone, and is unscrupulous as to the means of bettering his condition, will before long render it necessary to take the country under our more immediate rule. I should imagine that the longer it is deferred the better for the East India Company, but the day will come some time or other. At least such seemed to me to be the opinion of all I talked to on the subject. The Resident does all he can to improve



the condition of matters, but he is not all-powerful, and cannot interfere beyond a certain point in the affairs of a so-called independent nation. It is a curious fact that a very large proportion of the recruits for the Company's army come from Oude: some say a third, but I should think hardly so many as that. We left Lucknow at about ten this morning, and reached Cawnpore at about 6 p.m., the air quite cool and pleasant all the way. During the drive, we saw two tall cranes, called here *Cyrus* cranes, fine handsome birds of a grey colour, with crimson tufts on their heads. Coolies dragged the carriage across the expanse of sand which adjoins the bridge at Cawnpore, and a second set afterwards took it to its owner. We found all our goods and chattels quite safe, and our moonshee, who has throughout proved an all but useless incumbrance, either sick or pretending to be so. By Colonel Ashburnham's invitation we all adjourned to his house, where we dined, and Leveson and I slept in excessively comfortable beds, in rooms without mosquitos. Grosvenor and Loch went on at 8 o'clock for Agra. It was pleasant to meet some

one who knew all one's friends and relations, and who seemed so well informed about India generally, as our host, and we sat chatting until a late hour



SKETCHED NEAR ELLORA

## CHAPTER II.

Our Plans—Agra—The Gaol—The Fort and Motec Musjeed—Tomb of Etnun ood Dowlah—Secundra—The Christian Settlement—Shopping—The Táj Mahal—A Dinner and an Illumination—The Ram Bagh.

*Wednesday, Feb. 19.*—We had a parade this morning, which would have been a review only that many of the officers are for a few days on leave at Lucknow, where the races are going on. The troops, consequently, did not manœuvre, but merely marched past. I had heard a good deal about the Bengal Horse Artillery, and had hoped to have seen some here, but was disappointed: there are some, I believe, at Cawnpore, but no horses for them. However, there were her Majesty's 70th Regiment, two native infantry, and one native cavalry regiments, and remarkably well they all looked. One of the native infantry regiments (the 48th I think), averaged, I was told, five feet ten inches in height, and its grenadier company was composed of

men all upwards of six feet in height. I never saw a better looking or a more soldier-like set of men, but the Europeans seemed to me to cover most ground, and to march more compactly and more firmly. In the commanding officer of the 70th and his wife I found old friends of my family, but whom I had never seen. I was introduced to the lady at the parade, but could not do much in the talking line, as the horse I was on was, as is not unusual in India, a great fighter, and unsafe to take near any other horse. However, I went and called on them in the course of the day. They had a charming tame mongoos in the house, which would come when called, sit up, and beg like a pet dog, eat snakes, rats, mice, and all the vermin of the house. The 70th has only been here a short time. I heard a singular anecdote of their baggage camels. At the first encampment ground after leaving Allahabad (to which place they had been brought by river) the second company's tents were, by some mistake, pitched on the extreme left, instead of being on the left of the first company which had the extreme right. Orders were given to correct this mistake at

the next halting ground, but the camels took the question into their own paws, and walked straight up to the same relative spot where they had gone the day before, and no persuasion or force would induce them to go to any other, either that day or any other during the whole march. I did not know that camels were so intelligent or so perverse. I heard to-day that a shooting party on the Sone river had sixteen people killed by an elephant which ran mad. They were said to have all been natives. After an early dinner with the brigadier, which the Colonel's tiffin had rendered in my case almost unnecessary, Leveson and I started by palkee truck dâk for Agra. We first, however, discharged our moonshee, not a little to my satisfaction. He has hardly ever been of any use to us, and was perpetually asking for an advance on his wages. At Benares he wanted an advance for his family, having already received nearly a month's advance, and was besides perpetually finding cousins to whom he owed money. When we discharged him here after about three weeks' nominal service, we paying his dâk back to Benares, he wanted a gratification as he

called it, but this he did not get. However, as it happened that it was partly owing to our rapid travelling (for India) that his services had not been so useful as they might have been, we gave him a kind of certificate stating "that he had served us to a certain extent. A so called cousin of his wanted us to engage him instead saying "that he would be happy to pursue your lordships wherever you might go, but we would not have him. I think we know among us enough Hindostanee to get along with upon any of the well beaten tracks now. The night was fine, but the roads rather rough and very dusty.

*Thursday, Feb 20* —No improvement in the country as far as regards scenery, still the same level plain, and the road more dusty than ever. As the season advances, the ground gets drier and the soil looks less fertile, though still much cultivated, principally, to judge from what one sees by the road side, with dholl and wheat. We stopped to bathe and breakfast at a very clean and neat bungalow, where they cooked up for us a good curry, and gave us very fresh eggs. Villages on this part of the road are very numerous, and quantities of people,

hackerics, &c., were moving to and fro. Every now and then we passed small buildings, sometimes two or three together, probably tombs or praying places. We reached Mynporee at about 3 o'clock, having fallen in with a suwar sent on to meet us by Mr. Raikes, the magistrate of Mynporee district, with a note inviting us to his house, a much more agreeable mode of getting one's dinner than that of going to a dāk bungalow, as we otherwise should have done. After tiffin we went to see the gaol and the very neat little church which has lately been erected here. In the former the prisoners are taught to read, and we found the various classes hard at work like so many school-boys. It was rather a strange thing to see the dusky Hindoos all staring at a great board with the Hindostanee characters written upon it, and repeating each letter together after the instructor. The prisoners make paper and work at other trades, besides being employed upon the roads, but they certainly seemed to me rather too comfortable. However, the best proof that they are not so lies in their frequent attempts to get away, and the prison is very nearly

self supporting, another great advantage The church is a neat little building with a high roof and narrow windows, much like any English country church of the better kind The average congregation is twenty five or thirty people There is a Rajah of Mynpooree, a descendant of the former rulers of the country, but now merely a powerless pensioner of the Government His son, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, comes frequently to Mr Rakes to receive instruction in reading, writing, &c , and is said to be a good specimen of the high caste Hindoo We left our pleasant resting place at sunset in Mr Rakes carriage, and rejoined our palkees four or five miles on

*Friday, Feb 21* —The roads were so rough and dusty, so broken up by the recent rains, that I got but little sleep The morning was so cool that I was glad to pull a blanket over me Soon after daylight, I caught a glimpse of the Taj Mahal at a distance on the left, and a few minutes afterwards we reached the pontoon bridge across the Jumna crossed by it and entered the town of Agra We had some difficulty in making our drivers under



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stand where we wanted to go, but at last managed to make them understand that our destination was the house of Mr. Thomason, the governor of the North-Western provinces, where at last we arrived, and found our two predecessors already installed. The owner is himself absent on a tour of duty, but we found everything very comfortable. The building is very large, without an upper story, and situated in an extensive compound. The others all got letters; I did not, but hope to find some at Delhi. We got here some disagreeable intelligence for our future plans. Our previous information about the route by Indore to Bombay had been very vague and scanty, but comparing the distance with that to Calcutta, we had imagined that we should be able to do it in three weeks or so, which would have brought us to Bombay in ample time for the steamer of the 3rd of April, but now we find that we cannot reach Indore from here in less than twelve days, and that from thence to Bombay will take nearly eighteen more days, seeing the caves of Ellora, &c., on the way, so that we must either give up seeing Delhi, or put off our departure from

India to the 17th instead of the 3rd The reason of this route taking so long a time is, that there are no regular relays of bearers along the line, but we must take one set the whole way, to Aurungabad probably, but certainly to Indore, thus reducing each day's journey from an average of seventy, to one of twenty five miles It seems at first sight odd, that it should be so difficult to get information about the communication between two of the most important points in India, but the fact is, that people have so much to do in their own districts, that they have not time to trouble themselves much about other parts of India, and it is only the people about Agra, and to the <sup>3</sup>Northward, who are much interested in the communications between these parts and Bombay After breakfast, we got a carriage (the sun being too hot for walking), and drove to the house of Mr Woodcock, from whom we got a good deal of information about our route, but we settled nothing Mr W took us over the gaol, a larger building than either of those at Mynporee or Benares, with a large gateway like a County Gaol in England, though the interior is

very different. There is in this prison one ward containing cells for solitary confinement, which will hold about sixty people. Among the prisoners were a number of Sikhs, fine animals, but great scoundrels; some Thug women, and a woman who had blinded herself, under the impression that the government would let her off in compassion for her blindness, in which expectation she was, of course, disappointed. Various kinds of work are done in the gaol, such as paper-making, gardening, tile-making, weaving, &c., besides which, large gangs go out every day to work on the roads. The Sikh prisoners alone refuse to work, and are sometimes very mutinous. Many of them had never left the ward in which they are confined for five or six years. The gaol has been the scene of some sanguinary affairs, arising from, in some cases, successful attempts to escape, and to prevent this an European now commands the gaol guard. This is of course composed of natives, who are armed with musket and bayonet, and who have generally behaved very well, only that when once they begin to fire, they don't know when or where to stop, but

go blazing away indiscriminately, probably frightened out of their wits. In one case, when a number of prisoners had contrived to break out, the guard, not content with killing five or six outside the walls, fired upon others in the ward itself, who had been recaptured, and killed or wounded about thirty of them. Among the criminals were some committed for very serious crimes, murder of a father or mother not being uncommon. After seeing the gaol we drove home again and had a fresh consultation, brought to a close by the appearance of Dr Murray, who came to show us the fort and some of the other neighbouring sights. His carriage was a remarkably nice phaeton, ours a palke<sup>e</sup> garry we had hired, whose coachman had, I believe, never seen a pair of reins in his life before, and who endangered our precious existences repeatedly in the course of our drive. Government House is some distance from the town of Agra, the way to it, or rather one of the ways to it, taking one past the most singularly hideous church I ever saw, the Scotch church I believe. The body of the said building is not so bad but anything so absurd as

the spire I never saw: it is in an unfinished state. The town of Agra is, in some respects, not unlike Benares, but the streets are wider, and the houses not so high. Many of the streets are paved, and the houses built of a stone of a reddish colour, sandstone I think, very common hereabouts. A large quadrangle with four entrances forms a kind of preface to the great gateway of the fort which towers above the town, an imposing structure of the above mentioned red stone, with huge circular bastions, and lofty castellated walls. From this quadrangle the lofty gate-towers and approaches have a fine appearance, and form an appropriate entrance to the great fortress of Aurungzebe. Passing under the archway and over a drawbridge you ascend a paved incline, fenced in on either side by high walls. A sharp turn brings you opposite an inner gate, after passing which you enter a labyrinth of courts, mosques, and palaces. As at Allahabad, the old storehouses are still used for our artillery and other stores, great quantities of which are kept here. The great armoury contains the usual rows of muskets, stars of bayonets, and stands

of other arms, besides which, the famous gates of Somnath have found a resting place there. They are of about the same size as ordinary "porte cochère" gates, and are said to be of sandal wood, though I can't say I should have known it from the smell. Old enough they seemed to be, and where people's hands had not reached, the carving which is delicate, but not very remarkably beautiful, is in good preservation. There are also some curiously carved marble chairs, formerly belonging I believe to Aurungzebe, and placed in a recess from which there appeared to be an entrance to the other parts of this palace. Probably the great hall, which is now the armoury, was formerly a reception room or hall of justice. It is a handsome apartment about one hundred and seventy or eighty feet long, the roof supported by rows of pillars forming a succession of arabesque arches. A succession of courts, containing gardens and fountains, or else simply paved with marble, followed, but the gem of this part of the fort, is that called in Hindostanee, the perfect bastion. It is a bastion overlooking the river, and built by Shah Jehan, when he was kept here a

prisoner by his son Aurungzebe, who however seems to have allowed the old gentleman to spend his money like an Emperor or like an ass, one can hardly tell which, for the apartments, though beautifully ornamented with marble carving and inlaying, are almost "unliveable" in, so hot in summer, and so cold (at night) in winter. In appearance it is a kiosk or pavilion, and it commands a fine view of the Tâj Mahal; the river face of the fortress; part of the town; the broad river below, now full of water; and a wide expanse of country beyond. The marble fligree work and the inlaying is quite beautiful, almost as fresh as if it had been done the other day, and only slightly injured by shot received during the time the French were in India. A bath-room studded with little pieces of looking-glass, a small marble mosque or praying-place for the ladies of the palace, and the great hall or court of audience are among the other remarkable objects of the fort. The latter must have presented a striking scene when full of people, during the time of the magnificence of the Indian princes. It is a large court surrounded on three

sides by a kind of cloister, not of marble, but of fanciful and pretty oriental architecture. On the river side the cloister is replaced by a raised paved terrace, with a large marble alcove on one side at right angles to the river front. In this alcove the Emperor used to sit and review or receive his courtiers, the whole of the open space being shielded from the sun by a huge awning, the rings for the support of which are still visible in the wall. On the side of this terrace, next to, and overlooking the river, is a large slab of dark coloured marble, raised a foot or so above the terrace. It has stains of iron on it, said of course to be of blood, and therefore impossible to wash out. There is probably some story connected with it, but the only one I heard that I remember, was that on it the everlasting Aurungzebe used to sit and administer justice if it suited him, "bien entendu." One can fancy the magnificence of the scene here, when the court was full of omrahs and the great people of India all bedizened with jewels, perhaps with Tavernier standing quietly among them, though by the way I don't think he fell in



with the court here. The gem of the fort is, however, the Motee Musjeed or pearl mosque, one of the most beautiful buildings I ever saw. It is built entirely of white marble, looking almost as fresh as if just out of hand, and is surmounted by three domes of the same material, of the shape common in this country. Simple and chaste as it is, almost devoid of ornament, except some of the beautiful marble lattice-work, it is, with its marble paved court, one of the most tasteful buildings in India. Government keeps all these buildings in capital repair. This mosque spoils one for the Jumma Musjeed, another mosque at the foot of the descent from the fort, outside the quadrangle, which we visited afterwards. It is in the same style as the Motee Musjeed, but built of red sandstone instead of marble, and not nearly so beautiful, nor in nearly so good preservation. However it is worth seeing, but one ought to visit it first. Our next visit was to the tomb of the vizier Etnun ood Dowlah, a beautiful little edifice of inlaid marble, on the opposite bank of the Jumna. In these tombs the bodies are generally laid in the ground

below the floor, and cenotaphs erected in the upper story. In this instance the cenotaphs of the vizier and his wife (that of the gentleman distinguished by its larger size, and by its having, like all tombs of men here, a representation of an inkstand on the top) are placed in a beautiful little pavilion rising from a terrace, at each corner of which is a minaret or tall kiosk of red sandstone and marble. The tomb is altogether well worthy of a visit, and must have cost no inconsiderable sum of money, the whole building being literally covered with inlaid-work in various coloured marbles. This ended our list of sights for the day, the more, that when we had done this last one, it began to grow dark, and we drove home well pleased with what we had seen.

*Saturday, Feb. 22.*—Mr. Woodcock came this morning at six to take us to the Táj, but for various reasons we altered our original intentions and drove to Secundra instead. This is one of the most remarkable monuments in India, the tomb of Akbar Sháh, and is about four miles from the town of Agra. The road to it is lined on either side with ruined tombs, some of them very picturesque in

their dilapidated state. Secundra itself is a very large quadrangle bounded by a castellated wall, and containing a garden, in the centre of which rises the tomb. It is a fanciful and beautiful structure of red sandstone, all but the upper story,<sup>a</sup> which is of white marble, abounding in beautiful carving and ornament. The general shape of the building is that of a flat-topped pyramid, but the what-would-be too great uniformity is relieved by a number of kiosk-like pavilions scattered about it, which add to the general effect by breaking the outline. Akbar is buried in a vault underneath the building, a plain marble tomb marking the spot, but he has a very richly ornamented marble cenotaph at the top of the building, in the centre of the beautiful court which forms the upper story. This is really a charming spot. The court is entirely paved with marble, and surrounded by a colonnade of the same, the outer wall of which is filled with windows of the most beautiful trellis-work also in marble, through which you catch glimpses of the city and surrounding country. The carving is quite fresh, and kept in excellent repair by the Government. The cenotaph, too, is worth

noticing for its simplicity and beauty. In it are sculptured in relief a quantity of Persian characters, representing, we were told, the various titles of God. A copy of this cenotaph has, I believe, been made for one of the late governors general of India. The general plan of all the tombs in this part of India seems much the same. A large enclosure, entered by a gateway at each side, surrounds the tomb itself, the space laid out as a garden, and the gateways more or less handsome according to circumstances. The principal entrance to the quadrangle at Secundra is more of a gate tower than a gateway, for there is a lofty hall like space between the two archways with windows opening into it from small rooms which serve as dwellings for the gardener and gate keepers. Some minarets and other ornaments springing from it appear to have either never been finished, or else to have been ruined by some accident. It is altogether a strange construction of red sandstone, paint, and plaster, which would look rather absurd anywhere else, but here looks in character with the surrounding objects. Close to Secundra is what is called the Christian village. It

is an establishment under some missionaries where a number of native Christians are settled. Most of them were, I believe, originally orphans, educated and brought up by the establishment, and they are taught and employed in different trades. Among other things, they do nearly all the printing required for Agra. They have a church, schools, workshops, &c., and are assisted or supported by Government, as most useful or charitable institutions in India necessarily are, there being so small a proportion of Europeans among the population. By the time we got back the sun was getting high and hot, but there was less wind, and, consequently, much less dust than there had been. A final consultation to-day decided that we should defer our departure from Bombay to the steamer of the 17th of April, instead of that of the 3rd. It would be rather absurd to be within a couple of days' journey of Delhi, and not to go there. During the day some marble workers brought specimens of their ware for us to buy, principally inkstands, paper cutters, and such like articles, in which we invested a small amount. Some of the things were

rather pretty, and all tolerably dear. These and sundry other operations filled up the morning, until it was time to go out and buy some things we wanted for our future progress to Delhi, our route now lying away from dāk bungalows, as we have determined to go round by Futtypore Sicri and Bhuntpoie. This shopping was very tiresome work, as the sun was hot, wind ditto, roads dusty, and our driver knew as much about driving as about nautical astronomy. We succeeded in getting some of the things we wanted, but I can't say much for the Agra shops generally. A vain attempt we made to get some books was a signal failure, the only articles in that line being a few second hand volumes in a Parsee's shop, the stock of some poor subaltern, I should think. When we got home again, we found Dr. Murray waiting to take us to the Taj. This, the sight par excellence of north western India, is on the right bank of the Jumna, about a mile and a half below the fort. Many attempts have been made to describe this indescribable building, but I never read one which gave me the least idea of it, so I shall only say that

it is a white marble building, with a dome something like those in the pavilion at Brighton, and that it stands on a large platform of red sandstone, which has a red mosque or praying-place at each of the two ends, standing at right angles to the river, with their respective fronts towards the Tâj. A marble minaret stands at each corner of a smaller marble platform or terrace raised above the other, and forming the base of the Tâj. You hear so much about this wonderful building in India, that I think you run a chance of being disappointed in it at first sight. Most people would admire it, not so much perhaps on account of the style of architecture, as for the beauty of the details, which are exquisite; but for my part, though I had formed rather high expectations, I was certainly anything but disappointed; though I should find it difficult to say why it pleased me as much as it did. The entrance is by a lofty gateway, in the same style as that at Secundra, but in a less ruinous condition. This gateway leads from a kind of outer quadrangle to a beautiful garden, and from it is one of the best views of the Tâj itself. From there it is seen at

the end of a dark avenue of cypresses and evergreens, the whiteness of the marble contrasting admirably with the dark green of the trees, and the building itself having a look of size and grandeur which I don't think it has in as great a degree from any other point. The interval between the trees is filled by raised paved walks, on either side of a long stone basin in which a line of fountains was playing. I made the length of the first red sandstone platform to be (roughly pacing it out) about four hundred yards; the marble one, about one hundred and twenty; the breadth of the larger one is about two hundred and twenty; the other is nearly square. The two buildings at the ends of the larger platform are, one a praying-place, the other a place for the faithful to wait before saying their prayers. Each of them has connected with it, by a long wall and passage, a pretty kiosk standing on a buttress which projects slightly beyond the terrace wall. The great beauty of the Taj is in its details: it is a mass of marble, slightly relieved by some graceful patterns in coloured marble, and by the inscriptions



which, in letters three or four feet long, run round the pointed archways, and whatever may be its defects to European eyes, it shows great taste in the absence of gaudy decoration, and in the architect's trusting so much to the beautiful material of which it is built. The tombs of Sháh Jehan and his wife (for which last personage the building was specially erected, the Sháh intending to have had a pendant to it on the other side of the river) are in the vault below the building; like that of Akbar at Secundra. There is nothing less precious than marble visible in any part of the building, vault and all, and the two tombs are of that material, beautifully inlaid with the same in patterns representing flowers, &c.; the style differs from anything I ever saw anywhere else. The Sháh's tomb is distinguished by its greater size and by the protuberance representing the writing-case, mentioned in the account of Akbar's tomb at Secundra. The cenotaphs are on the floor above, in the great hall under the dome, the lady's in the centre, the Sháh's alongside it, within a screen of open-work in marble, the beauty of which

is beyond description. The only ornaments to this beautiful hall are this screen, the inlaid-work on the cenotaphs, and the carved and inlaid work of the dome. The latter is not like the interior of any common dome. It looks as if the vault had been ornamented with a beautiful pattern lightly sketched in, in light and shade, it being in reality the carved work of the marble of the dome. In fact the whole hall is so simple and yet so beautiful that it is next to impossible to give any idea of it. It is a thing to see over and over again. We ascended one of the minarets to see the building in another point of view, but I don't know that we gained much by the motion, except that it is satisfactory to know that one has seen it in as many different ways as possible. One of these minarets is unfortunately in an unsafe state, though not so much so as to cause any fear of an immediate upset. If it were so, I suppose Government would hardly risk its tumbling down on the Taj. Sooner than endanger the most perfect monument in India it would surely go to the expense of rebuilding or restoring this one minaret. The fault lies, I believe,

in the foundation: the others are said to be safe enough. There is a mystery as to the architect of the Tâj, (which by the way should be pronounced Tāge, the g rather soft,) and probably nobody ever will solve that mystery, nor that relative to the architect of sundry buildings at Delhi, which are put down to the credit of an Italian, who is known to have been in that neighbourhood about the time that some of them were built. The belief is strengthened by the fact, that there are some fruits represented in the inlaid work, and in the carving, which are not known, or were not at that time known, in India, but which are common in Europe. However it does not much signify, though it would have been worth while to have preserved the name of the man, if he were a foreigner, who learnt so well to adapt European skill to oriental forms and taste. If Sháh Jehan had been able to carry out his original design of building a corresponding mausoleum for himself on the other side of the Jumna, and of joining the two by a marble bridge, he would have erected another wonder of the world. The story of the Tâj as it stands, is that when Sháh

Jehan's wife Noon Tâj was dying, in 1627, she exacted two promises from her husband one was, that he should never marry again, the other, that he should build her a tomb, such as never had been seen before, both of which promises he fulfilled. The building cost the ridiculously small sum of three million, one hundred and seventy four thousand, eight hundred and two pounds sterling (shillings, pence, and farthings not specified), and took twenty thousand and odd men twenty two years to finish. Some of the work most thought of, is a succession of carved work, representing flowers in alto relievo very fine no doubt, but I more admired the inlaid work, which is said to have twelve different kinds of precious stones used in it, such as cornelian, blood stone, lapis lazuli, agate, &c, besides different kinds of marbles. It is probably the most expensive building of its size ever erected. The marble came principally from Jeypoor, but that for the inlaid work must have come from almost all parts of the world. We wandered about the building and the gardens all the afternoon, watching the different effects of light and

shade as the sun went down, and at dark we went to dinner in the kiosk nearest the town. It was an unsentimental thing to do, but we did it, and did not regret it, for Dr. Murray and Mr. Thomason's servants had contrived to knock up a very good dinner in some extempore kitchen they had discovered. Indian servants would, I believe, find materials for a meal and a kitchen in a swamp or a desert. I knew we should have at least one hot dish, but was not prepared for a dozen, which there certainly were; in fact a regular dinner, with tall glass shades for the candlesticks, just as if we had been dining at home. Probably the kitmudgar or steward would have thought it "infra dig." to supply less, or to make it a makeshift kind of affair. Our dining room was not a little windy, being open to the world in general, by only nine unshutable doors. To keep the candles alight, we got some people to hold blankets up over the doors on the windy side, and the giggling and whispering of the holders, who were all volunteers, soon informed us that they were of the fair sex, probably attracted by curiosity. Everybody says that the right way to see the Tâj

is by moonlight, and as the moon did not suit, we determined to get up an extempore one, so we had (or rather Dr Murray had) brought a quantity of blue lights, which we burned in various positions. Some of the effects were fine, the best to my notion, when the lights were burnt in the galleries of one of the minarets. The interior looked well with a couple of blue lights burning in it, especially as by day it is rather dark for seeing the details of the roof, and one of the side mosques lighted up with the glare reflected from the white marble of the Taj had a fine effect, but if I had the illuminating of the Taj again, I would either have an immense bonfire on the other side of the river, and take my stand there, or else I would place the lights among the trees in the garden, and take my position up in the entrance archway. To do it properly, one should have about two hundred blue lights. We had forty. What Indian scenery, and particularly Indian buildings, want in picturesque effect is shadow. The sun is so nearly vertical, that they never get a fair proportion of light and shade, every thing is bathed in one great glare of sunshine,

and that is why an artificial light is so advantageous to the 'Tij. We had a very pleasant drive home in the Doctor's carriage, which his coachman "tools" along at an immense pace. I believe we capsized a donkey laden with faggots on our way. There was certainly a collision, but it was too dark and the pace too good to see the result.

*Sunday, Feb. 23.*—The wind, though warm, was not so oppressive to-day, but we were all inclined to be lazy, so we voted it improper to go out, as it was Sunday. G. and I went to church, a small cool building not far from home; of course we went in a carriage, and were late, as the vehicle did not come in time. The congregation consisted of about one hundred, a good many coloured, one a thorough bred negro. No pews, but each person with his or her separate arm-chair, a plan adopted for the sake of coolness. In the evening we drove in the dangerous carriage to the Ram Bagh, a large garden on the opposite side of the river. It is not in very good preservation as far as the masonry is concerned, that being rather dilapidated, a rather

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important feature in eastern gardening the generality of the walks being raised and paved causeways which also assist as conduits for the water used in the irrigation of the gardens. The cultivated part of the gardens was, however, in very tolerable order, and an abundance of sweet smelling flowers and orange flowers made the air very fragrant. There was also a large strawberry bed but no fruit as yet. The evening was most lovely, a soft warm Italian air, without a breath of wind. The view of the town and fort of Agra from the terrace overhanging the rapid Jumna was one of the most charming we have had during our tour and we lingered on the terrace until it was almost dark. The evening was so pleasant that we walked a great part of the way home, and then endangered our lives again in the carriage, having only two narrow escapes from upsets on the road.



## CHAPTER III.

Irrigation—The old Roman Catholic Cemetery—Futtypore Sicri—Our new Servant—The Palace, the Shrine, and the Mosque—Bhurtpore—A Hospitable Rajah—His Palace and Amusements—A “Camp.”

*Monday, Feb. 24.*—We drove down at daylight to take another look at the Tâj. I think it improves as one sees more of it, something in the same way as Niagara does. The more one sees it the better one appreciates it. I paced the marble platform again, and made it one hundred and thirty-six paces by one hundred and thirty-two, good average strides of my long legs. We spent two very pleasant hours rambling over the buildings and gardens, the morning air delightfully cool and fresh. In fact till the sun gets up it is almost cold, but a very short time after it is above the horizon, it begins to show its power. I almost think it is as bad then as at any other time, for it strikes under your hat, while when it is a little higher the broad brim and turban-

like mass of white muslin (called here a puggry) protects the head. After nine o'clock until four in the afternoon the less you are out the better, for the warm wind comes laden with red hot dust, parching you up like a furnace blast. Yet the real hot winds have not begun. This is only a foretaste of them. As soon as this wind goes down, which it does towards four or five o'clock, out rush the gardeners and labourers, and they set to work to water the gardens and fields. The plan for this is simple enough. The summit of the well is raised above the level of the garden. Little conduits lead the water to all parts of it, and the water is drawn from the well in large skins, raised either by ox or man power. Very often the skin is like a bag with a large hole in the bottom. To prevent the water escaping as the bag comes up, the bottom of it is shaped like a pipe, and the hole kept triced up as high as the mouth of the skin, when it reaches the top it is lowered by a simple contrivance, and out rushes the water into the reservoir from whence it is distributed as required. They show some knowledge of mechanics in the way in which they

lay the road for the oxen employed in raising the water to travel. If it is a heavy drag, they dig out an inclined plane, so that the animals walk down hill into the bowels of the earth, thus diminishing the angle, and adding a certain amount of gravity to their tractive power. We passed the day in preparation for our start for Delhi. What to leave and what to take on, are always great questions, besides which, we had cooking apparatus to get, a servant to engage, and fifty other things to do. Shops here are such a long way apart that it takes one an age to get anything, particularly as no shop you go to first ever has the thing you want. At last we engaged a servant, a Mahometan, who will cook, and "do for" us generally. He has one fault, which is, that all the English he can say is "rice pooden," and "fowl." However, I dare say we shall do very well. We were just starting for another look at the fort, which we have not seen half enough of, when a letter from the Allyghur post-master came, which obliged us to go to the post-office here. It was concerning our conveyances from Allyghur to Delhi, about which there seems to

be some difficulty. We had a long drive and no satisfaction, the post master here being unable to give us any assistance except in the way of advice. It was then too late for the fort, so we drove off to Dr Murray's, to get his advice about our proceedings, and to apologise for keeping him waiting, after which we drove home again. People seem to think our Allyghur man might do what we want if he chose, but that he has mounted his high official horse, and wants to show his power. If so it is the first and only instance of anybody in official position in India not assisting our travelling views in every way in their power, but I daresay in this instance the individual in question can't help it.

*Tuesday, Feb 25* — We had settled to start to day in buggies for Futtypore Sieri, to which place we dispatched our palkees and servants last night. There are no regular sets of bearers stationed along this line of road, so we had to take a double set with us all the way, paying a certain sum to a 'dah chowdrie, as they call the man who provides the bearers, for their services. However, in the morning one of the party was not well, and we

determined to put off the start until to-morrow. By the time that was settled it was seven o'clock, too late to go anywhere, and too early to get up unless one did go sight-seeing, so we all went to bed again for an hour or two, and during the heat of the day lounged about the house in a very loose style of dishabille, as we had the house to ourselves. In the evening, Leveson and I went to the old Roman Catholic cemetery, where there are some strange old tombs of the last century, mostly in red sandstone, in the style peculiar to India. The largest, a rather pretty one, is that of a General Hessel, an officer in the service of Rao Scindiah, and there is another, a small one, of an Armenian "*ex schismatico factus Catholicus*" as the inscription on the tomb informs us. It is a pleasant spot, overshadowed by fine old trees, but is no longer used as a burial ground, the Roman Catholic cemetery being now near their cathedral, a good-sized, rather handsome building, in the Italian style, standing near the gaol. We had intended paying our visit to the fort, but we lounged about the doctor's garden until it was too late. A box wallah or travelling

merchant brought a quantity of rather pretty things for sale to the doctor's house, and assisted to delay us, as well as to empty our pockets. These men are the great tradespeople of India, as pedlars were in England in days of yore. They sell nearly everything but deal principally in small articles of jewellery, silks, &c. We tried the effect of another letter to the Allyghur post master.

*Wednesday, Feb 26* — At half past six this morning we got under weigh for Futtypore Sicri. At Agra we part company with Loch, to the regret of all parties. He is hardly well enough to go on to Muttra with us, as we hoped he would have done so he remains here until he recovers sufficiently to rejoin his regiment. We are all very sorry to lose him. Our drive to Futtypore Sicri would have been very pleasant had not the cattle for the two last stages been so bad. The distance is about twenty four miles, the road fair, though rather sandy, the country cultivated, but dry and hot looking. Irrigation going on to a great extent by means of wells. We have all along been much in want of a guide book, and now find Bishop Heber's

Journal very useful, the second volume giving an account of the place we are now going to see, which description does as well for its present as for its then condition. It was an unlucky mistake which deprived us of volume No. 1 of the said bishop's Journal. By some mistake it has been travelling up and down the Calcutta and Delhi road, looking for, but not finding us, and we have, therefore, been deprived of the best book of the kind upon India. The method of irrigation is as described some pages back. The well water is not good anywhere about here, but that of the Jumna, when filtered, is said to be excellent. At Agra we hardly ever got any really good water, and the resource is to drink soda water instead. That is one alteration for the better in Indian life. Formerly soda water was unknown, and people drank brandy pawnee, alias brandy and water, instead. Now soda water is made and consumed in immense quantities, as often (or oftener) without brandy as with it. Then the beer which is drank in India now is a comparatively light kind of tippie. People told me they remembered the time when the only beer procurable was strong Scotch

ale These appear at first trifling differences, but are, in fact, of no small importance, and, combined with the sanatariums established in the hills, must operate great eventual changes in the health of the Anglo Indians To return to Futty pore Sicri Bishop Heber says it reminded him at first sight of Windsor Castle, and, I think, I could see what he meant, for at a distance the long castellated building, standing on a slight elevation overlooking the surrounding country, has something of the look of Windsor The walls which surround the town are castellated, and the enclosed space, but little of which is built over—though the ruins, or rather heaps of stone, testify that it was once, or was intended to be built over—is entered by a great many handsome gateways What there is of a town lies immediately under the hill on which the palace and mosque are built, and opposite the great gateway The lions of Futtypore Sicri are thus gateway, the splendid quadrangle to which it is an entrance, and the palace of Akbar Shah The whole of these buildings, with a few exceptions, are built of red sandstone, and are now almost entirely



uninhabited, the only residents being some priests and people left in charge by the Government. We found our "tail" at a small house in one of the outer courts of the palace, at the end of a considerable range of stable. The deserted appearance of this court, and the massive style of the architecture, reminded me of the drawings of Nineveh. A steep narrow flight of steps leads to a little terrace on to which open two rooms fitted with glazed doors and a few articles of furniture; the walls, ceiling, and doorways rather handsomely ornamented with carved stone-work, red sandstone inside and out, of course. Here our servant contrived to supply a very tolerable meal by way of breakfast, which, however, convinced us that we shall require a few more culinary and other utensils on our way to Bombay. He seems quite surprised at the limited ideas we entertain of the things required for dining, &c. However, we shall have to get a few more things. If one chose to set about it, one might make oneself very comfortable and spend a few days very agreeably at Futtypore Sicri. One would only have to send a few servants and a little furniture: a

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good Indian servant would have everything very snug in no time. The history of the place is that Akbar Shah wanted a son, and that he applied to a holy old gentleman to pray that he might have one. In due time his prayers were successful, and the Shah was so delighted that he erected the buildings, and the palace became his favourite residence. There is an old fellow who resides in the building, and acts as custode; he is familiar with most of the histories and traditions relative to the place, but, unfortunately, only speaks Hindostanee, so that except as guide he was not particularly useful to us. However, I made out from him that he remembered Bishop Heber, and one or two equally unimportant facts. We added to his certificates, of which he had a great number, one certifying that, for aught we knew to the contrary, he was a very entertaining old fellow. About three we dined, a curry and some rice pudding and some cold meat doing very well for dinner, and that important operation over, we strolled off with the old gentleman aforesaid to see the ruins. The palace is a very singular building,

or cluster of buildings, almost entirely of red sand-  
 stone, in many places beautifully carved. The  
 buildings appear to have no timber in them  
 whatever. There is one very odd-looking affair. It  
 is a square house containing one single room. In  
 the centre stands a kind of stone pulpit, connected  
 with the four corners of the room, on the level of  
 the first floor, by stone gangways about two feet in  
 width, and ten or twelve feet in length. The walls  
 of the house are double, and the first floor level is  
 reached by staircases between the two walls. It is  
 supposed that the Sháh sat in the pulpit when he  
 transacted business, and that a minister occupied  
 each corner. Some of the carved rail of the pulpit  
 is gone, the remainder is in good preservation. It  
 was a strange place to transact business in, but not,  
 I think, unfitted for it, especially among orientals  
 who do so much merely by talk, not by writing.  
 Another singular building is one which resembles a  
 pyramid of tables, commencing with a huge dining  
 table, and ending at top with a four-legged card  
 table, each range eight feet or so in height. It is  
 rather a pretty building, but its use is quite

unknown, though tradition has it that the Shah used to perform magical rites there. Another apartment contains some beautiful carving representing animals and flowers, &c. This has been much defaced, it is said by Aurungzebe in his pretended zeal for the Mohammedan religion, which forbids the making of images of any living thing. Paved courts without end, detached houses for the Shah's wives others for his ministers, ranges of stables guard rooms and offices, complete a palace worthy of an emperor. It was large enough to afford ample shelter to General Lake's army in 1804. After the palace we went to the mosque. Bishop Heber seems to have been much taken with this place, and I think, it certainly deserved his admiration. The quadrangle is about four hundred and thirty by four hundred feet, surrounded by a lofty gothic colonnade and entered by the highest gateway in India. In the quadrangle stands the shrine of Sheikh Soliman. For beauty of carving in marble, this has, I believe, no equal in India. Nothing I saw in the Taj is so delicate as some of the patterns, and the contrast of the white marble with the red sandstone of the

surrounding buildings, adds immensely to the effect. In shape it is a low domed building, with a far projecting roof, supported by massive carved brackets, the outer walls one mass of carved lattice-work in huge squares. The inner wall is covered with painting, and encloses the shrine itself, which resembles a four-post bedstead, inlaid with as much mother-of-pearl, &c., as there is room for on it. The two pillars which support the little porch are hollowed so as to become conduits for the rain to drain off the roof by, and the whole building stands on a marble platform raised about two feet from the ground. It is not in the centre of the quadrangle, but near one corner of it, alongside of another mosque or tomb, larger, but much less beautiful, which contains a number of graves laid in rows side by side. A tree or two growing out of the stone-work about the mosques refreshes the eye much by varying the colour. The gate-tower which we ascended is one hundred and twenty feet high, and commands a splendid view over the country, including the ramparts of Bhurtpore, which, however, one cannot see without a telescope. However, we made out

where it was by the flashes of artillery, probably being fired in honour of Mr. Thomason, the governor of the north-western provinces, who is there now. The arch is, I believe, the highest, and the whole gateway the largest in India. The crown of the arch (which is gothic and recessed like most of the arches of that period in this country) cannot be much less than seventy feet from the pavement, but it is difficult to get a good view of it, as it stands at the head of a very steep flight of steps, which lead straight down the hill on which the arch is built, with a comparatively very small platform between the arch and the top step. It looks, however, very grand from there, and still better from the village street below. An immense colony of flycatchers, and a swarm of bees, have built their respective habitations in this archway. Government takes good care of the buildings, which are, in certain parts, undergoing a certain amount of restoration, not, in my opinion, in the best of taste. Heber mentions that the priests at the shrine gave him cakes to eat, and that there were sundry old women who sat and prayed in the gate of the temple. Such

is the case still. It is pleasant to fall in with these little incidents. Altogether, I was as much pleased with Futtypore Sieri as with anything I have yet seen in India; it is certainly not a place to omit visiting, and I wish we had more time to see it thoroughly. We left for Bhurtpore, distant fourteen miles, at a little after six. Each palkee has now sixteen bearers, and each bangy (set of pettaras and bamboo on which they are hung) two. The men relieve one another, the fresh set trotting alongside the others. In this manner we hope to do from twenty-five to thirty miles a-day, or rather night, as we shall avoid day travelling as much as possible, on account of the heat. We reached Mr. Thomason's camp, just outside the walls of Bhurtpore, as the camp gong was striking ten. The scene for the moment was singular. Mr. Thomason had just left the Rajah's court, and a salute was banging away, while the whole road was brilliantly lighted up. The glare and the noise, the confusion of tongues and people, had all the effect of a night engagement, and waking as I did suddenly in the middle of it all, I could not for a moment imagine where on

earth we had got to. However, we soon found out all about that, when we found ourselves installed in two comfortable tents, into which our palkees were carried, and we turned in again to sleep till daylight. Palkees have at least one merit, namely, that they render one independent of bed arrangements, the palkee itself making a very comfortable shake down.

*Thursday, Feb, 27* —Up at seven. Elephants came from the Rajah early, and before the great people were up we went off to see the town of Bhurtpore, memorable among other things, for the two sieges of 1803 and 1826. We were fortunate enough to have with us the chief commissioner of Agra, who was present at the last siege, and described some of the incidents connected with it. Part of the walls still exist, having been repaired and the breach filled up, but this does not appear to be from any pugnacious disposition of the present Rajah, who is a man of peaceable intentions, and rather civilised ideas. He is making great improvements in his town, and has opened a road into it, right through an important part of the fortifications, a proof that he does not intend to



quarrel with us. He is an independent prince, and is said to be popular with his subjects, as he looks into all affairs himself, administers justice himself, and allows no speculation or oppression. He can do all this well, having the support of the English government so close at hand. The outer walls are very high, and built almost entirely of mud, so as to be almost invulnerable to artillery. In fact it was the mining, followed by a smart assault which took Bhurtpore, even then with great loss of life, for the garrison fought well. An English artillery-man named Herbert, deserted from Lord Combermere during the siege, and pointed the enemy's guns for them. The very next day, Lord Combermere's kitmudgar or butler was killed by a cannon shot, whilst preparing the general's breakfast near a hut, where he was in the habit of going of a morning. The artillery-man met with the fate he deserved, subsequently, being hung on the breach after the capture of the place. An obstinate court-martial let off two others with transportation. A big gun from Bhurtpore adorns St. James's Park, as all cockneys know. Another

one is still here, an immense fellow about fifteen feet long, and of very heavy metal, but comparatively small bore, about that of a thirty two pounder. It is made of wrought iron. The Rajah's improvements, where they have been carried out, have bettered the look of the town considerably, as compared with other native cities. The streets have been widened, and a rather handsome new range of bazaars built, all on his own plan, for he has no ministers, only a vakeel or secretary. His troops which are not numerous, are cleaner and better appointed than any troops in the service of native Rajahs, that I have seen. The Infantry are dressed European fashion, the cavalry in native dresses with steel helmets, which have a nose piece descending in front. Two or three of the latter went with us during our ride. It had been arranged that we were to meet Mr Thomason at the Rajah's palace, where we were afterwards to breakfast, so there we went at about nine o'clock. We found the Rajah with Mr Thomason and others, looking on at some wrestling in a small court yard, floored with soft earth, and shaded by a large

awning. The wrestling was singular and good of its kind. No fall is considered complete unless the vanquished be thrown flat on his back, and that was only done once, by the Rajah's head wrestler, who took an adversary he could easily beat, merely to show how it was done. The other sets were so well matched that they never succeeded in throwing one another. One, an immense fat fellow, after a severe tussle with a thinner, but very powerful active fellow, was thrown on his face, and for upwards of twenty minutes resisted every attempt of the other to turn him over, the other all the time much too wary to allow him to get up. It ended in their being separated. Neither was considered conqueror, but the fat man was considered to have had the worst of it. The Brahmin party had one side of the arena, the Mussulman the other, and each cheered its man, all parties evidently taking great interest in the sport. Some feats of strength and dexterity followed, such as whirling a huge stone about by a long wooden handle, performing various contortions with bows having chains instead of

stings, tumbling, vaulting, &c, after which we adjourned to breakfast, in a wing of the palace, fitted up European fashion, entirely for the use of strangers. We found a most sumptuous meal, as good as what one would expect in the richest Anglo Indian house, and in quantity and variety sufficient for ten times our number. The steward told one of the party, that the Ryah's instructions to him were, to have everything that could be got for money, and that if any Englishman asked for anything, and he had not got it, he would lose his place. The rooms were oddly but comfortably furnished. A *piano*, quantities of French and English prints, a few pictures in one room, (eight portraits all of one person, fac similes of one another), looking glasses to no end, musical clocks and boxes, fine china, in fact a mixture of odds and ends, such as one finds no where but in a native gentleman's house. Some of the ladies of Mr Thomason's party joined us here. They had come in early and remained in the house while the wrestling was going on. What with music, conversation, and reading some old magazines which form part of the

Rajah's library, we passed the heat of the day very agreeably, the Rajah leaving us entirely to ourselves, a host of servants waiting outside, in case anybody should want anything. At half-past two came a tremendous tiffin, equal to any number of dinners, and shortly after that the Rajah came to take us to see some ram and antelope fights, very uninteresting affairs at any time. The latter never attempted to gore one another, but merely to interlace their horns, and thereby to roll one another over, which however none of them succeeded in doing. One antelope had the point of his horn broken off, and a ram the lower part of one of his splintered, but neither animal seemed much the worse for it. To see the sports, we all sat on chairs under a large verandah-like space, open to the court of the palace, on one side of which was drawn up a guard of the Rajah's sepoy, really very respectable looking troops. The Rajah and his suite sat or stood about us. He is by no means a handsome man, very fat, and deeply marked with small-pox, nor was his appearance at all improved by the peculiarly ugly cut of his dress, otherwise simple enough, being

entirely of white linen. In the morning at the wrestling, and in the evening when he came to Mr Thomason's camp, he wore a silk dress over the linen and looked all the better for it. Whilst the fights were going on, a branch of a tree growing just outside the gates was carried away by the weight of a number of people who had climbed upon it to see over the wall into the court. There was a great rush of elephants, men, &c., to see what harm had been done, but beyond a few slight bruises, no one had been hurt. At about five, the amusements were over, elephants and carriages were ordered, and we took our leave. Some of the ladies wanted to see the site of the breach, so we went there again, this time to the outside, so that we could see it without dismounting from our beasts. Two or three of the Rajah's troopers, and an orderly or two of the East India Company's light cavalry, escorted us. Considering that the orderlies and the troopers were both natives of India, no two cavalry men could have been much more unlike one another, one sat up like an European horse soldier, the other like a thorough A

well looking in their respective lines. We got back to camp in time to stroll about and look at its general arrangements. An Indian camp is always worth seeing, but this one is considered to be a very small affair, not more than five or six hundred souls. The great man's tent is pitched at the top of a lane, formed by the tents of the lesser stars, the camp followers, servants, escort, &c., in their rear, and the horses, elephants, &c., behind them again. The excellence of the arrangements, the comfort of the tents, and the regularity with which everything is done, from the striking or pitching of the tents, to the bringing in of "master's" tea in the morning when he is getting up, are very surprising and novel to a "griffin." The escort of sepoy was drawn up when we reached the tents. It had not been intended to have them out so early, as they were only wanted as a guard to the Rajah on his arrival in the evening; but they had by some misinterpretation of the order, been made to fall in earlier, whereby we had an opportunity of seeing some Sikh soldiers. A more military looking,

or, physically, a finer set of men, one could not wish to see. They seemed to me a less fleshy than, but almost equally muscular set of men as, the generality of European troops I have seen. This party had been four months or more, marching with Mr Thomason, and had never given any trouble. In fact they rather like this kind of work, as it saves them parades and drills, which they would have plenty of in garrison or in cantonments, and they get presents from Rajahs and great men whose territories they happen to pass through. For instance, his Highness of Bhurtpore supplies the camp with every kind of provisions, and will not allow a farthing to be taken in payment. He did the same by Sir William Gomm's camp, a much more serious affair, as it numbered five or six times as many persons, with a proportionately larger allowance of camels, horses and elephants. Punctually at seven came his Highness the Rajah, with an escort of his cavalry, and a number of torch bearers surrounding his carriage, a tolerably neat affair, with a pair of horses. The camp illuminated with flaming torches placed in



cressets, the guard drawn up on either side of the avenue, made quite a show. During our dinner, the Rajah, who of course could not eat with us, sat chatting with those who understood his language, his two attendants sitting behind him and occasionally putting in a word. One of these attendants, the Commander-in-Chief I believe, was finely dressed and carried a very handsome sabre. The Rajah was very quietly dressed, and wore no weapons. No alteration was made in the dinner on account of the guests, except that we got over it as fast as possible; and then we all adjourned to the open space in front of the tents to see some fireworks the Rajah had ordered to be exhibited. The designs of some of these were rather pretty, but the execution indifferent. Probably they do not get first-rate powder. The prettiest were two trees of fire, and a hedge or row of fountains of fire. The elephants and horses in the rear did not much like the fireworks, and kept up a great neighing and roaring while the blazing was going on. However none of them broke loose. We were rather amused (and it showed how quick the servants do this kind

of work,) at finding on our return to the tents from seeing the fireworks, that the servants, imagining the drawing-room tent would no longer be wanted, had completely dismantled and half pulled it down, so that Mr Thomason was obliged to dismiss the Rajah, having no place for him to sit down in. Soon after nine his Highness took his leave, and we soon afterwards followed his example, resuming our palkees, and taking the road to Dheeg, distant about twenty miles



SKETCHED ON BOARD THE "HADDINGTON"

## CHAPTER IV.

Antelope Hunting with Chetahs—Dheeg—Fortress, Palace, and Great Tank at Dheeg—Goverdhun—Tombs and Sacred Monkeys—Muttra and Bindrabund, their Temples and Mosques—Scene on the Jumna—Allyghur—Road to and Arrival at Delhi.

*Friday, Feb. 28.*—The night was cool enough, but the road dusty. However, we soon got over our distance, and a little after daylight, when I awoke, I found our palkees grounded under a big tree, about six miles on the Bhurtpore side of Dheeg, arrangements having been made by the Rajah for elephants and chetahs to meet us at this spot, so that we might have a little amusement in the hunting way on our road. I don't think I ever slept sounder than I do, when, after some hours jolting along in a palkee, the bearers quietly put one down, as in this instance, on the ground. I just remember being put down, then hearing the bearers jabber a little to one another, and then

came the delightful feeling of sleep quietly creeping over me. About daylight I awoke, and there were all the bearers looking like so many white grubs, fast asleep around the palkees, the elephants and hackeries under a tree a little way off, quietly awaiting the moment when "master may think fit to go on. There were five hackeries with chetabs, and two without, the latter for us to sit on and see the sport. The country is sandy, just now covered with coarse grass, here and there patches of stunted trees. In the distance were a few low hills, and a village or two, with large timber and some cultivation about them. There are no tigers in this neighbourhood, but deer and antelopes seem to swarm. We mounted our hackeries, and drove on over a very rough piece of ground, much broken by wet, and since well dried by the sun. It was not long before a chetab was shipped. His chace was a failure, and he instantly gave it up, and turned back towards his keepers. They brought him back to his hackery, and it was pretty to see him jump quietly on to his seat again, and lie quietly down in his old place, the hood being put over his eyes

again. The chetah is a sharp-sighted creature. The moment the hood is removed he stands up, looks inquiringly round, sees his game, apparently seems to choose his best road up to it, jumps quietly off the cart, and according to the nature of the ground or the distance of the game, goes off in a sneaking run or a high gallop. This stalking the deer, and the great bounds he makes when he is within springing distance, are the things to see in this kind of sport, and it is ten to one that you are in some other part of the field when it takes place, so that all the satisfaction you have is the seeing the dead antelope afterwards. The chase to-day ended in our getting two bucks and a doe. Another buck was pulled down, but got away. Besides antelopes, we saw no end of pea-fowl, quails, doves, pigeons, pigs, and jackals, so that one might have very fair shooting in this neighbourhood. Towards eight o'clock the sun began to make himself felt, so we mounted our elephants, and marched off for our halting-place at Dheeg, which we reached at half-past nine. Here we found breakfast ready for us at the Rajah's palace, that hospitable individual

having sent on the "de quoi" the evening before. A dark coloured gentleman in European garments received us here, announcing himself to be the Rajah's secretary and translator general, and stating that he had orders to see us safe to Goverdhun and to make himself useful while here. Dheeg is famous in Anglo Indian history as having been the scene of a battle between our troops and the Mahrattas, in 1804, when the latter got amazingly well thrashed, and the place surrendered. It is much like other native towns, but possesses a fine citadel, some large tanks, and the very pretty palace in which we were lodged for the day. The former is a fine specimen of a native fortress. It stands in a moat, crossed by a bridge of low pointed arches, and is a strong heavy mass of towers, connected by a lofty curtain. The towers or bastions were formerly armed with heavy guns, and the place must once have been very strong against anything but a regular siege with artillery, and all that. Even now, I daresay, it might be made to give a good deal of trouble. The sun had given us all head aches (on empty stomachs it

is almost sure to do so, particularly in India), and we dozed away during the greater part of the heat of the day, in the cooler recesses of the building, declining the tiffin which we were offered. When it got a little cooler we were shown the palace. It is a cluster of buildings forming three sides of a square, but quite separate from one another. The fourth side is open to one of the largest and most regular tanks I have yet seen, the surface of the water lying about thirty feet below the terrace of the palace court. These tanks with their great flights of steps descending into them, the picturesque buildings about their banks, and the never-ending tide of people going up and down, or washing their clothes or themselves, are among the most striking objects in India to my notion. The tank in question was, I should think, about four hundred feet square, and if it were filled with clear water instead of stagnant, green pea-soup, would be a great ornament to any city. A kind of *château d'eau* stands on the edge of the terrace, at the end of the garden which occupies the court of the palace, and contains a quantity of fountains, which were made

to play in the evening for our edification The water for them had to be raised by manual labour into a tank made for the purpose, and the effect would have been pleasanter, had the water not possessed such an abominable smell In the garden, which was resplendent with brilliant coloured flowers, are a number of tanks containing more fountains, which there was not water enough to supply The palace or palaces are all built in the arabesque style, one richly ornamented with marble inlaid work, another contains numbers of small rooms with a few large ones, the windows of which overlook another tank at the back A third contains a large open hall, a reception room apparently, with windows at the two ends, containing beautiful lattice work in marble This room is also ornamented with paintings in true Indian style Native art is not remarkable for its merits at all events By the time we had seen the palace, it was time to start for Goverdhun, where the Rajah was to give us a dinner, and where we were to pick up our palkees again Accordingly we found a very neat barouche ready at about four, and our dark coloured friend



accompanying us in a small carriage drawn by two oxen, we drove off through the town, outside of which we found two leaders, and away we went at a rate of six or seven miles an hour. The horses were a very respectable-looking team, harnessed English fashion, and driven in hand. We passed our caravan about half-way, and reached Goverdhun in about an hour, the distance being between seven and eight miles. The road was miraculously dusty, the country pretty well cultivated, and here and there pretty well wooded, the wheat-fields very refreshing to the eye, from their brilliant green colour. Quantities of wild pea-fowl ornamented the landscape, and we also saw not a few antelopes at a little distance. We were unfortunately rather late in our arrival at Goverdhun, which is a very curious and sacred place, so much so, that many Hindoos bury their dead there: that is, they burn the bodies and erect tombs over the ashes. The father of the Rajah of Bhurtpore is buried here, and one of the sights is his tomb, or chuttry, as it is called. It is a richly ornamented, fanciful building, just finished at a cost of three lacs of rupees, about thirty thousand

pounds It stands in a pleasant garden, on the borders of a very deep tank, and is worth looking at There is a good deal of fine marble work about the tomb However, the prettiest view in Goverdhun is that over the tank, on the borders of which the Bhurtpore Rajah's house is situated It is of very irregular shape, with high ghauts or flights of steps leading down to it, and trees intermixed with picturesque buildings on the banks Immense numbers of monkeys were gambolling about the trees and buildings, reminding one of Push Putty in Nepaul, than which this place is hardly less sacred The monkeys, too, are equally considered holy The palace where we dined is a large irregular building with several courts and alcoves, or divans, opening upon them, after the fashion of houses in the Arabian Nights We found a very good dinner, which we did justice to in one of these alcoves, and soon afterwards embarked in our palkees and started for Muttra, distant sixteen miles I am sorry we did not arrive earlier at Goverdhun It deserved a longer stay The short daylight glimpse we got of it gave me the impression of its l a

more singular-looking place than any I have yet seen in this part of India. However, I believe that the tombs or chuttries we did not see are all much the same kind of thing as the one we did see, and that they are all comparatively modern. Goverdhan formerly belonged to the Bhurtpore Rajah, but was taken from him by the English government, on I forget what pretext, in part payment of some debt, I think. However, the Rajah still keeps a palace and his family vault here. His hospitality ended with the dinner, and then we had to give certificates of the steward, cooks, &c., having done their duty to our satisfaction. The steward, or rather secretary, was too great a man to accept baksheesh; not so the cook, &c. It was a difficult question to settle, the more that we had but little change with us. The gardeners had brought us trays of vegetables and fruit, laid out on flat baskets in neat patterns, the borders formed of flowers: they wanted baksheesh. the coachman and syces wanted baksheesh, everybody wanted baksheesh, and most of them got it, but I am afraid not enough to satisfy them.

*Saturday, March 1.*—It was, as usual, dusty, but

we got along very well, arriving at the house of the Collector of Muttra, to whom we had letters, at two A.M. Down palkees and all hands to sleep until half past six. The hours after the palkees are down are certainly worth twice the number of hours of marching, as far as sleeping is concerned. A cup of tea and a good wash sets one up amazingly too. Our hosts made us very comfortable, and we found among the luxuries the flying sheet or Express of the European mail of Jan. 24th. Some little domestic news, but nothing of great public interest. As usual, we remained about the house during the heat of the day. In the evening, Mr. Alexander took us for a drive through the town of Muttra, and to Bindrabund, a very holy place about seven miles off. Muttra is a better built town than most native places, and has one tolerably wide street running parallel to the Jumna. It possesses a large, but rather ruinous mosque, which was once covered with enamelled tiles, some of which still remain, and several temples. We entered one of the latter, a building of singular architecture in a

quadrangle surrounded by colonnades with pointed arches. Some of the private houses of Muttra are very large and handsome, with long narrow verandahs of carved and latticed stone-work running along their fronts. Many are from three to four stories in height. One of the finest belongs to a very rich Hindoo, the Rothschild of India, who has also built an immense temple at Bindrabund, which will cost him, they say, about three hundred thousand pounds, and which is so holy that he cannot enter it himself. We went to see it, but of course were not admitted into the interior. They made no difficulty about admitting us into the outer court, from whence we could look through the doorways into the interior. The inner court contains two pagoda-like buildings, one seven stories high and covered with grotesque carving; the other lower, but equally ornamented; besides some other lower buildings, and a great thing like a huge brass key standing on end, and for what purpose intended no one seemed to know. The most curious part of this building is the idea that any body should be fool enough to erect it. It is

worth seeing for its size and strange appearance, but is not to be compared to the old temple of Bindrabund, a very curious pile of red sandstone, in the shape of a cross, the exterior one mass of little angular projections, here and there ornamented with carving, reminding one of Gothic buildings, and though very singular, not unpleasing in effect. The interior might well be taken at first sight for that of a small cathedral church, all the images, &c, having been removed after the desecration of the temple by Aurungzebe, who built a Mahomedan worshipping place on the roof, and thereby made the whole place unholy in the eyes of all devout Hindoos. The latter have, however, somehow or other sanctified a continuation of the nave of the building, into which we were allowed to look, but not to enter. A curtain which concealed a kind of altar was withdrawn, and revealed a ridiculous black doll representing Vishnu, and two or three other equally absurd figures. Two Brahmins were going through some ceremonies, one chanting, the other apparently rubbing up the pavement, but both desisted to stare at us

The most beautiful part of the building is the roof of the centre. It is carved into a representation of the holy flower, the lotus, and is really beautifully executed; it would be worth imitating at home. A number of grave-looking monkeys and quantities of pigeons have taken up their abode in and about the temple, and are, the former at least, considered sacred; so much so that, near here, two European officers who had shot one were some years ago pursued and driven into the Jumna, where they were drowned. A drive through the narrow streets of Bindrabund brought us to the bank of the river above it, where we found a large boat prepared, in which we dropped down the river past the town, the view of which from the water is very characteristic and pretty. The Rajah of Bhurtpore has several houses here and at Muttra, some very handsome. Among the residents at Bindrabund is one of the Sikh princes, who lives under a close surveillance in a large house on the river bank. The sunset scene of the town, with its picturesque buildings mixed with huge trees, all reflected in the calm water, would have made a delightful picture.

The carriage met us again below the town, and we drove home at a round pace, pursued part of the way by a very nearly naked fakeer, a kind of Hindoo perpetual curate of Bindrabund, who insisted on his claim for "baksheesh, as he was he said a "padre, the name the natives give to the clergy, whether Protestant or Catholic a curate is the Padre Sahib, a bishop Lord Padre Sahib Our beggar got nothing, none of us being partial to the lazy vagabonds One of the fakeers thought fit, some time ago, to strike a blow at Mr Alexander with a club as he passed in his carriage The pretence was a fit of religious enthusiasm, and the blow was severe enough to have killed him had it struck him on the head, but it fortunately missed and fell on his shoulder, and the vagabond is now paying for his fun with a five years' term in the gaol Another very common nuisance, the Brahmin bulls, is very rife here They won't get out of one's way, and we consequently drove over one on our way home It did not seem much, if any the worse As we went along we met several carriages, some belonging to natives, driving home from

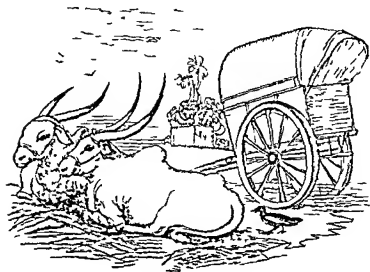


hearing the band of a regiment of cavalry, which, with a troop of horse artillery, is stationed here. After dinner and taking leave of our kind hosts, we left for Allyghur, crossing the Jumna by a bridge of boats; shortly before reaching which we passed the neat church of the Station, unfinished, but a really creditable building. Some of the temples on the river bank were illuminated, and looked very well, as we passed the bridge. I never heard so noisy a set of fellows as our bearers were to-night. They carried us pretty fast, however, and the road was less dusty, so that, barring that there was little to be done in the sleep line, we got on very well, and reached Allyghur at nine A.M. of *Sunday, March 2nd*, and put up at the house of Mr. Tyler, with whom we stopped during the heat of the day. Sundry difficulties as to our further progress kept us in or about the house all day, but we did not much regret it, as, except the fort, which is just like other Indian forts, there is nothing to see in the place. At last it was settled that we might have a palkee carriage to take us there or to Delhi, our servant and our palkees returning

to Agra to await our return there, that being our starting-point for Bombay. After a very comfortable dinner we started at about seven o'clock with a fine moon to light us on our way. The carriage is a wretched rattle-trap concern, no glass to the windows, and the sides very hard. However, its one horse manages to drag it along at a rate of seven or eight miles an hour, each relief generally having an altercation with the driver and several assistants before it can be induced to start, after which it goes well enough for the rest of the stage. A mounted suwar escorted us all the way, relieved every six or seven miles. The night was excessively cold, and we had none of us taken any warm things with us. I don't know when I have felt so cold. We were all quite glad when the sun, generally our mortal enemy, began to show himself again over the horizon, when we were yet seven or eight miles from our destination. To within two or three miles of Delhi the road is excellent, as good as any average high road in England, and generally lined on either side with trees. Few people who have not been or are not in some way or other

connected with India, know that it possesses such a road, eleven hundred miles long, well bridged and with small inns (kept very clean and in good repair, but with little furniture or stores in them) at every ten or twelve miles. At about the distance above mentioned you descend into the dry bed of the river, which at this season only occupies a small portion of the wide sandy plain, beyond which appear the domes and minarets of Delhi, or Dêhlee as I believe it ought properly to be spelt. Our steed had some difficulty in dragging the garry through the deep sand, although we relieved him of our weight, and he was assisted by sundry passers-by, and we reached the town at about eight o'clock (not bad work considering the distance, eighty-four miles) of *Monday, March 3rd*. All our Hindostanee had to be trotted out to make the driver understand that we wanted to go to the house of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, and at last we succeeded in finding the place, having been assisted by an European whom we fell in with taking his morning drive. The owner of the house was absent when we arrived, he having gone to

receive the Commander-in-Chief at the Kuttob Minar, twelve or thirteen miles away from Delhi, but we found two of the members of the family, and were installed in very comfortable apartments. Such odd rooms too!—or rather such an odd room for our apartment, is an immense kind of hall, to which you descend out of the verandah as if you were going down to the cellar, though as the house is built on the edge of a bank, the rooms are not as they seem to be at first, really underground, and are very cool and comfortable.



HARVEST BULLOCKS, ACERUNGABAD.

## CHAPTER V.

Delhi—The Lâth and the City—The Fort and the Emperor—The  
Jumma Musjeed—Street Scenes—Camp of the Commander-in-Chief  
—The Kuttob Minar.

THE day was passed in dozing, to make up for last night's jolting, followed by a great splashing of water over us, such a refreshing kind of bath I think, then a few games at billiards, and then a great deal of looking over shawls, small articles of jewellery, &c., &c., which were brought by native merchants for sale. Billiards are a great resource to the Indian community. It is to a certain extent a substitute for the out-door exercise which the climate prevents their taking, and almost every station has now got its billiard table. In the evening, under the guidance of a son of Sir Theophilus, we went for a ride through the town to a very singular column, which stands on a mass of ruin about a quarter of a mile beyond the walls.

It is a single stone, rising to a height of thirty feet or so above the mass of building in which the base is fixed, and is covered with inscriptions in an unknown character, but in which some Greek letters, or letters like Greek, occasionally occur. Its history is quite unknown, and no one has as yet been able to decipher the inscription, although Mr Prinsep, I believe, gives a version of it partly from guess work. The view from this monument, or Lath as it is called, is curious, looking like one mass of ruined tombs, and deserted buildings, with which the whole face of the country appears to be covered. The city, which is supposed to contain about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, is surrounded by an embattled wall, built some thirty or forty years ago, to protect the town from the incursions of the Mahrattas, or other predatory tribes. It is not intended to resist a regular siege, but merely to defend the place against bodies of marauding cavalry, without heavy artillery. Of course now that our frontier is extended so far beyond Delhi, and that the Mahrattas, as predatory bands, no longer exist, the wall is useless as a

defence, but it serves for another purpose, that of preventing the escape of thieves with their booty, as at night the gates are watched by the police, and the difficulty of removing plunder to the country much increased. The proportion of crime to the number of inhabitants is said to be small. The principal street of Delhi is wide, but can hardly be said to be handsome. It is called the Chunderchoke, (so pronounced,) and crowded as it generally is with elephants, horses, and people, it looks gay and animated. The houses are queer, card-paper like affairs. We met two or three wedding parties, one very gay with ornamented palankeens, richly caparisoned horses, and diabolical music of tom-toms and pipes. It seems that it is the wedding season here, for there were several marriage processions going about. We just looked into, but did not go over, the fort, which is the residence of the last emperor of India, (for John Company has decided that the dignity dies with its present holder,) who has within its precincts power of life and death, and who supports in it a motley crowd of courtiers and vagabonds of every description, about five

thousand or more in number. Formerly he used to receive European visitors, who were always expected to make him a present of a number of gold mohurs, but that custom having been discontinued by Lord Ellenborough, he will no longer receive them. Besides, as he requires everybody to take their shoes off in his presence, and will not allow even the Governor-General to sit down before him, I fancy that very few Europeans are likely to want to visit him. He is an active old sinner of seventy-six years of age, and is said to be much mortified at the knowledge of the fact that his dignity dies with him. A guard of the Company's sepoy's has possession of the gate of the fort, and its captain sees the Shah every day, to make sure that the old gentleman has not absented himself from his dominions without leave. The worst part of the fort's being in the hands of the Emperor is, that it becomes a den in which any vagabond who commits any crime conceals himself, and is at once beyond the jurisdiction of the police. That will of course be put an end to at the old gentleman's death. Parts of the fort are curious and interesting,



and it was once very magnificent, but is no longer so. Our ride was very pleasant, and we got home about dark, to eat a good dinner, and to spend a very pleasant evening. One of the ladies of the house was a fellow-passenger of ours in the Ripon and Haddington.

*Tuesday, March 4.*—The house was one scene of bartering, our hosts helping us by interpreting, and by enlightening our ignorance as to the value of shawls, &c., with which the floors were all day encumbered. It was rather amusing, but nothing of any great value was brought to be exhibited. In fact to get a shawl of any great value you have to order it beforehand, and to wait a long time for it. The dearest we saw, the man asked six hundred rupees for, I believe, and would have taken three hundred. In the evening we drove to the Jumma Musjeed, or principal mosque, a fine building with a large quadrangle and handsome gateway, reached from the street by a broad and long flight of steps. From its two minarets there is an extensive view over the adjacent country, but the day was dark and misty, so we did not

go up. The mosque is very sacred, having a hair of the Prophet's beard stowed away in a kind of side chapel. Of course unbelievers like us were not allowed to see the precious relic. While we were wandering about the building, the Commander in Chief and Lady Gomm arrived with a procession of elephants, and an escort of a few troopers. A considerable crowd assembled on the steps at the gateway to see us off, a sea of white turbans and black faces all gaping at one, *le nez en l'air*. The drive through the Chunderchoke was very amusing. The street was full of wedding processions, one accompanied by a number of nautch girls on a kind of perambulating platform. The old Emperor too was passing towards his residence, a tag rag and bob tail escort accompanying, and a troop of dingy courtiers surrounding him. All the processions were remarkable for noise and tinsel, if for nothing else. We drove for a little while about the town, and took the Commander in Chief's camp on our way home, to see one of the staff who is not quite well. The camp is pitched on too small a ground for it to be arranged as well as it would be on a

larger space, and there is not room for the usual lane of lesser lights' tents leading to that of the leading star. However it makes a considerable show, as might be expected from the number of souls that compose it, about five thousand in number. Besides the human beings, there are between five and six hundred horses, eighty elephants, and two hundred and fifty camels, with two hundred and fifty tents of various sizes and sorts. Something like travelling with one's suite. We are invited to march on with the camp, and I should much like to do so, but we have not the time to spare. Home again about dinner time, and spent another pleasant evening.

*Wednesday, March 5.*—We made an early start in an odd-looking phaeton drawn by two camels, each ridden by a suwar. They took us along at a rate of about eight miles an hour, to the Kuttob Minar, a celebrated building erected about the year 1200 by Kuttob Ood Deen, King of Delhi. It is a curious and beautiful tower, or minaret, two hundred and sixty odd feet in height, and built of red stone and white marble. It stands

among a number of ruins of tombs and buildings, the remains of old Delhu, among which are still some beautiful pieces of carved work, and a strange iron pillar which Aurungzebe is said to have in vain attempted to upset. Even without the Kuttob, the ruins by themselves are well worth seeing, but they do not appear as if they would be so for any great length of time, as they are rapidly going to decay. I should think this was partly owing to the material of which they are constructed, and partly to the difficulty of restoring properly the ornamental part of the work, without which the remainder is worth little. A curious feature is the wrought iron pillar, which stands up in the midst, to which I believe some magical or diabolical secret is attached. The worst of India is, that, however romantic and antiquarian you may feel at seven A.M., at eight A.M. you begin to feel the sun, and from romance and ruins exploring, you must subside into the more vulgar, but at least equally necessary occupations of bathing and breakfasting, which operations were both very pleasantly performed at Sir T. Metcalfe's very

comfortable house close by, once a tomb, now the very opposite, seeing that it is the favoured spot where most of the newly-married couples of Delhi spend the honeymoon. Before the sun had got very hot, we of course ascended the Kuttob Minar. The ascent is easy enough by a winding staircase, and the view from the top repays the trouble of mounting its three hundred and seventy-eight steps. It is difficult to fancy any object, whose general shape is that of a factory chimney, as possessing any great beauty, but I certainly think this Minar is one of the finest things I ever saw. The workmanship is admirable, and there is something particularly tasteful about the patterns of the various courses or stories, of which it is composed. It has suffered from the shocks of an earthquake, but is now considered safe for many years to come, thanks to the exertions of some of those universal geniuses, the engineers. A kiosk-like top which once crowned the summit of the Minar, has since been removed, and now ornaments the grounds at its foot. During the heat of the day, billiards, letter-scribbling, &c., passed away the time; when

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it got cooler we started on our return, and visited the tombs of Nizam Ood Deen, and of Humaioom, on our way. These are two of the most remarkable of the many similar buildings or clusters of buildings which must once have been such ornaments to Delhi and its neighbourhood. The former is a cluster of shrines, inhabited by dervishes and surrounding a tank of tolerably clear water, into which the said dervishes jump from a considerable height; say about eighty feet. It is a curious and comfortable-looking feat to perform in this hot climate. One felt rather inclined to execute some of the minor jumps oneself. A few pice rewarded the divers amply, and a crowd of them assisted at showing us the shrines which surround the tank. These are not in good repair, but possess some fine specimens of marble-work, and remains of the enamelled tiles which formerly ornamented the majority of the domes of the tombs about here. How strange the country must have looked with its many-coloured domes, and its bedizened inhabitants. Humaioom's tomb is a large but ruinous building. It is worth seeing on

account of its extent, and of the views from it, but does not appear to be regarded as a place of any particular sanctity. Two old natives were engaged in a game at chess while we were there—apparently a different game from ours, both in moves, and, as far as I could judge, in objects. The moves seemed to be more like those at draughts. However, having looked on for some time very gravely, as if we understood it all thoroughly, I think we all came to the conclusion that the game was too deep for us, so we went away, the players not having taken any particular notice of us all the time. We drove back to dress, and then went to dine in camp with the Commander-in-Chief. About twenty guests, numbers of servants, and a very good dinner. I wish I had had time to accept our host's invitation to go on with them for a few days' march. After dinner we returned home again, and my two companions started for Agra, I remaining behind to look after some things, and to transact sundry matters of business.

*Thursday, March 6.*—Up early for a ride to the old observatory. The worst of riding in India is

that you can hardly ever make sure that your horse will not set to work and have a stand up fight with that of one of your companions. Arabs are generally safe enough in that respect, but the country bred horses of which we had two in our party, are almost always queer tempered, and not to be trusted. However, we got on very well, only taking care that nobody brought his or her horse (for our party was graced by the presence of one of the ladies of the house) into tempting proximity with the tail of a neighbour. The Commander in Chief's camp looked very animated as we passed through it, the men grooming the horses, camp followers and coolies moving about in various directions. The elephants all looked as if they were just awake, and making their toilets by pouring sand or bits of straw over their backs. The horses and camels were, as usual, tethered in rows, the former both by head and heel ropes, kept just tight enough to prevent their getting at one another. The camels lie much closer to one another, and the elephants seemed to be scattered wherever an appropriate place could be found for them. The observatory is about



four miles from Delhi, on the road to the Kuttob, and is a curious collection of buildings, something like those at Benares, but larger. It is supposed to have been erected about six hundred years ago, and, as at Benares, the use of many of the structures is now unknown. Two of the buildings are singular: They are of a circular shape, the walls pierced with two rows of round-headed windows, and a stone column standing in the centre of the area. Unless they were built for the purpose of watching the movements of stars across the apertures, I don't know what they can have been for. Our ride ended at about eight o'clock, and almost all the remainder of the day was spent in arranging money matters, &c. Heaps of armour and knick-knacks of various kinds were spread over the billiard-table during the whole day, and the room was filled with the owners, who, finding we wanted the things, insisted upon asking enormous prices for them, and, consequently, did not sell them at all. Metcalfe very kindly assisted as interpreter, or I don't know what I should have done, as none of the dingy merchants knew anything beyond a few words of English.

Among the armour were some shirts and caps of chain mail, formerly the property of some Sikh chiefs, besides battle axes, maces, and spike clubs of steel inlaid with brass, daggers and knives of all kinds of shapes, some of them rather pretty. One weapon was formed of a pair of antelope's horns, joined at the base to a handle with a shield over it, just large enough to protect the hand. The tips of



the horns, armed with steel points, made the weapon almost as formidable to the bearer as to his enemy, unless the former were well skilled in the use of it. Another favourite trade at Delhi is in little drawings or paintings on ivory, of portraits of emperors, or chiefs, or views of the various monuments of the neighbourhood. They are very minutely and carefully executed, and, except the stiffness common to Oriental art, are not without merit. Among them was a portrait of little Dhuleep Singh, the young Maharajah, and proper head of the Sikh tribes. He is now living at Luttyghur under British protection. It is said that

though only ten or eleven years old he has expressed a strong desire to become a Christian and to visit England. His guardians will not, of course, allow him to do the first until he can be made to understand clearly what is meant by it, and he has been advised to defer his visit to England, at all events until he is of that age that it may not be said that it was not of his own free will that he went. The most ridiculous stories were afloat in the Indian newspapers about this small gentleman; among others that he had determined to commit suicide by eating green peas; and the Indian "Punch," called the "Delhi Sketch Book," contained an absurd but diverting squib purporting to be a report of a council held by the Governor-General on receiving the appalling intelligence that the Maharajah had eaten a piece of beef—a feat which would for ever destroy his caste, and which they say he wants very much to perform. One of his notions is a great affection for the Queen of England. He constantly wears her portrait about him, and is perpetually asking questions about her. His affection for Her Majesty is only equalled by

his detestation and horror of his own countrymen, which is owing to the fact of his having when quite a child been on the elephant with his uncle when the latter was murdered by the Sikh troops. I never knew so protracted a scene of bargaining as we had, and the end was that we hardly knew what we had bought, or from which of the traders, or how much we had agreed to give. At last it was settled somehow or other, and we were glad to adjourn to rest a little before the ball which was to be given in the evening to Lady Gomm. The approach to the house was, as usual out here, illuminated with an immense number of lamps, and a guard of honour was drawn up in front of the entrance. Altogether, it was a very successful ball. Sir Walter Gilbert whose famous scamper after the Sikhs in the first Punjaub campaign everybody has heard of, was present, looking as well and hearty as if he had been in the coolest instead of the hottest of climates all his life. My intention had been to have started for Agra and (pleasant thing to say) England directly after the ball, but the palkee truck I had sent for to the post office,

by some mistake never came, so I got three hours sleep in bed instead.

*Friday, March 7.*—I was rather tempted to have stopped over the day, to see a nautch given to the Commander-in-Chief by Hindoo Rao, a rich native resident of Delhi. The nautch itself would probably have been very tiresome, but worth seeing, as one of the characteristic exhibitions of the country. Hindoo Rao himself was at the party last night, with an adopted son, a boy of twelve years old. He is a bluff, good-natured-looking man, and likes everything English, saying it was a great mistake that he was not born an Englishman. Besides the nautch, he was to give the staff a great dinner also, which one was better out of, but anything would have been pleasanter than the solitary drive in a jolting palkee-garry of eighty-four miles to Allyghur, which I reached at ten P.M., and after a good supper with our former host, proceeded in my palkee on a truck to Agra, where I arrived at a little after seven A.M. of *Saturday, March 8.*

Whilst we were away, the large swimming bath attached to the house had been filled, and we all

enjoyed a dip into it amazingly. It is a tank about eight feet deep, and forty or fifty feet long, and is used also as a reservoir for watering the garden. Mr Thomason and his family, with several friends are also living in the house which seems very elastic, for it now holds a vast number of people. I wanted to have gone to day to have another last look at the fort, but there was so much to do in making preparations for our start, that I could not go. Everything seemed very dear, and will probably turn out very bad. The shops are miles apart, and seem to contain the unsaleable articles of the Calcutta stores. One merchant carries on business in a large boat on the river, and from him we got most of our stores.

*Sunday, March 9* —Drove with Major Grant to the cantonment church at seven o'clock. The congregation consisted of an European regiment in the East India Company's service, and a large number of the civilian and military authorities of the place, the church large and airy, every door and window open, so that the passers by could see all that was going on inside, and the congregation

had a full view of the saisses and horses, buggies and carriages, waiting outside for their owners. The service was well performed, and the sermon good. Home again to bathe and breakfast, then came the tiresome operation of stowing palkees and pettaras, paying bills, and fifty other indispensable things. We had all to make unheard-of sacrifices of warm clothing, which, up to this time has occasionally been very useful, but which we shall no longer want, as every day will be hotter than its predecessor. Already the hot winds have begun to make themselves felt, and people prophesy that we shall be pretty particularly well cooked before we reach Bombay. At about four o'clock, thanks to the assistance of Major Grant and the other members of Mr. Thomason's staff, we managed to get our palkees and baggage started, and that done, we had an interval of quiet until dinner time, after which, at ten o'clock, we started in a couple of buggies to rejoin our palkees at a point previously agreed upon. Our party is augmented by the accession of our Ceylon acquaintance, Oliphant, so that we are now at our original number of four.

We had settled to take the buggies for about sixteen miles, during about half of which distance we had the benefit of the moonlight. Five or six miles from Agra the pukka (good or metalled) road ceases, and we entered on the rough sandy track which will, I fancy, be the staple of our road as far at least as Aurungabad. A narrow escape or two from upsets as we drove along in the dark, and losing our way once or twice were the only incidents of our drive, and we came up with our palkees at a little after one A.M. The bearers had put them down under a bank, and were clustered round them, sleeping, jabbering or smoking. Our party is quite a caravan, upwards of one hundred souls altogether. There are eighteen bearers and one massolchee or torch bearer to each palkee twelve to the servants dooly or litter, twenty four bearers to the twelve bangies or sets of pettaras which compose the baggage and commissariat department, and our noble selves. With a good deal of shouting and talking we were at last under way, and fairly started on our route.



## CHAPTER VI.

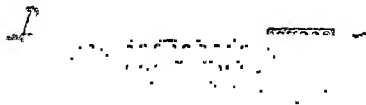
Dholpore—Gardens and Wells—Elephant Waggon—Passage of the  
Chumbul—Gwalior.

*Monday, March 10.*—Daybreak found us about four miles from our halting-place for the day, Dholpore or Dhowulpore, the capital of the territory of an independent Rajah, whose proper territory lies further north, but who has been located here instead. He is supposed not to have been over well treated by our Government, inasmuch as that after siding with us through the whole war with Scindiah, when his assistance was not to be despised, he was totally forgotten in the treaty made with that chief, and his territory remained in the hands of the Mahrattas. By way of compensation the Government gave him the Dholpore territory, which however he considered as by no means an equivalent for his hereditary dominions,

but there was no help for it, and he is now said to be reconciled to the arrangement. The country is sandy, and here and there dotted with woods, with a few low sandy hills. The soil appeared extensively but carelessly cultivated, not like the high farming of the Tirhoot. Two or three large houses and a great collection of thatched mud huts compose the town. The Rajah paid us the compliment of a salute of fifteen guns, and sent an old fellow with a ragged suite, to say "salaam" and to offer elephants, &c., if required. Mr Thomason had sent to tell him that we were coming, and to ask him to help us on in any way that he could. His hospitality consisted of a present of fruit and vegetables, and the use of a large dirty bungalow, which he has built for the reception of travellers. We accepted the offer of the elephants for the evening, promising to call upon the Rajah when the heat of the day should be past, and at last we got rid of our friend, and were left to our own devices until four o'clock. Our servant managed to knock up a tolerable dinner, concocted of fowls, eggs, and rice, after which we mounted a couple of elephants

sent by the Rajah, and sallied forth to see him and his palace. His Highness however did not make his appearance, a circumstance which we did not regret much, having arrived at the conclusion that one black fellow is much like another. Two officials in white, and a whole tribe of ragged retainers, some with maces like beadles, staves, others with various descriptions of weapons, escorted us over the palace and grounds. The former is a very tawdry affair full of wretched prints, and trashy glass chandeliers, hung so low that you brush against them as you walk underneath. The gardens are rather nice, with raised terrace walks, and conduits full of clear running water, raised from great wells, called here bowis (so pronounced), the only things really worth seeing in the place. Our united stock of Hindostanee could not make us understand what they told us was the age of these really fine works, and we managed to make out that they were constructed three hundred years ago; but the fact was I believe that they were constructed by the present Rajah. The annexed rough sketch of a section may give some idea of

the description of the work. A broad flight of steps leads down to a square tank intended for bathing and washing purposes, and communicating by an archway with the water in the main shaft.



The remaining three sides of the tank are surrounded by arcades or galleries open to the court, and communicating by a broad cornice. In these arcades fakeers and Brahmins are, I fancy, supposed to dwell, but I saw none here. Openings are also pierced from the galleries through the wall of the main shaft. The diameter of the shaft we calculated roughly, to be sixty feet, and the surface of the water to be from seventy to eighty feet from the summit of the well. Our guides declared that the depth of the water was equal to the distance from the summit of the well to the surface, which, if true, must furnish an almost inexhaustible supply. The tiers of arches one above the other

have a very pretty effect, and the workmanship is solid and good, with a great deal of well executed carving. Every two steps are formed out of one solid block of stone. The material is a red sandstone, easily enough worked. Hard by, within the enclosure of the palace-garden, is a new tomb in course of erection by the Rajah in memory of a favourite concubine. It is an expensive tawdry building, in the style common to the tombs in this part of India, and is not particularly well worth seeing. The last sight we were shown was a great over-fed tiger, in a stone cage near the palace, after seeing which we remounted our elephants, and set off after our palkees, which had previously started with the servant and baggage, to be picked up again at the ferry over the Chumbul river. On our way we met a huge waggon belonging to the Rajah or Rana, as this particular great man is called; it was an immense timber-cart-like affair, used for conveying stone from the quarries to the Rana's new buildings. The ten elephants which were harnessed to it seemed to have no small difficulty in dragging it along through the deep ground, loaded

as it was with an immense block of stone. Each pair of elephants had the ends of a stout pole firmly attached to their backs by strong girths passing round their bodies. To the centre of each spar, a rope as large as an ordinary eight inch hawser was attached by what nautical folks call stoutstrops, and by this rope they dragged the waggon along, the poor brutes receiving considerable stimulus, not only from their mahouts, but also from men with lances, who followed and stirred them up behind. It was a strange looking machine, and not constructed on the most approved mechanical principles. There were a great many elephants about, some of them looking wretchedly thin. One seemed happy enough, reclining on his broadside in a deepish pool, only part of his huge body above water. He seemed mightily to enjoy the scrubbing with a broom which he was receiving from his syce. I should rather have liked to have carried off a "turn out" which we met near the town, a small hackery drawn by two fine antelopes. They were going along at a pretty good pace, but did not appear to be very well in hand. Our road led through the

bazaar, a crowded street with shops for the sale of grain and such-like necessities, across some ground very much cut up by the action of water, and rendered picturesque by a sprinkling of large tombs, those kiosk-like structures so common to all "Indian Sketch-books." The road appears to dive below the surface of the plain; in fact it does plunge into one of the water-courses which drain the waters off to the Chumbul during the rains. For two or three miles we travelled through the defile, and passing under the walls of a native fortress, apparently in tolerable repair, arrived just after sunset at the ferry which our train was in the act of crossing. The scene was not unpicturesque, when we had got across and had time to look at it. A wide ghaut or flight of steps leading down to the water, with a back-ground of cliff crowned by one of those pretty cupola'd kiosks standing in relief against the sky, the broad calm river with the elephants we had left on the other side standing in the shadow of the bank, and looking in the dusk like great black ghosts, our groups of bearers engaged in lighting fires for the unromantic

purpose of making our tea and for their own satisfaction, all under the half light of a just set sun and a young moon, would have made a pretty picture. The bearers were not averse to the delay, although they had a long night's work before them. It is certainly heavy work, not much short of forty miles last night, and somewhere about thirty five to night. How these slightly made black fellows manage to do it, I don't understand. Tea over and the teapot packed up, we got under way again. Road very rough up ravines like those on the other side, but not so deep. There was a time when these ravines were infested with robbers, but now they are as safe as Pall Mall of an afternoon. The weather was sultry and close, but one got more air walking alongside the palkees than when in those travelling boxes so I walked till near midnight, not a little, I dare say, to the satisfaction of my bearers. There was a good deal of lightning on the horizon, foretelling a coming storm which did not reach us, but I fancy broke at no great distance, for early in the morning (*Tuesday, March 11*) the wind suddenly changed to the northward, it got



comparatively cool, and a few drops of rain fell, not enough, however, to lay the dust. The change, though pleasant, came late, for at seven A.M. we were at Gwalior Residency, thirty-six miles from Dholpore, and comfortably installed in the house of the Resident, Sir R. Shakespear. Thus far our *dāk* arrangements seem to answer very well. We have travelled thirty-six miles each night in less than thirteen hours, including the usual stoppages to rest the bearers. Both nights, however, we got "lifts" in carriages or on elephants for some distance, which, of course, eased the bearers more or less; but even an empty palkee is more than I should like to carry my share of, even twenty miles a night, let alone thirty-five. The bearers stopped twice each night to rest, each time for about twenty minutes. Anywhere else but in India an inroad of four Englishmen with good appetites and a hundred servants, would be considered rather a demand upon a gentleman's housekeeping, but here your host really acts as if you were conferring a favour upon him by proving the elasticity of your stomach on his eatables and drinkables, and your independence by

making yourself at home in, and all about, his house at five minutes acquaintance. As to the bearers they disappear nobody cares where, off to the bazaar, or anywhere, except one or two who have constituted themselves acting assistant valets de chambre, and who carry off our shoes to dust them, clean out the palkees, and snore between wheels in the verandah. I think that if I were one of them, and had helped to carry six feet one for thirty odd miles, I should go to rest directly I had put him down, but there they are, apparently quite fresh, and anxious only to know at what time they are to be ready to go again. We all look wise and say gravely, "Paunch budger, which we know means five o'clock, and they disappear for the intervening hours, all except the aforesaid valets, who reappear in an hour or two and go to sleep near the palkees, wrapped up in their white cloths like subjects ready for dissection. At the appointed hour they straggle in from all directions, each man with his little brass pot and long lanyard coiled round it, that and their cloths and pipe forming their only baggage. One man, however, is very luxurious. He has a tame partridge in a

small cage. It wakes the whole caravan, of course I mean those in the palkees, with its chirping at daylight if the palkees happen to be near one another. While we were breakfasting, the Rajah of Gwalior sent the Resident a present of a black buck antelope which he had shot in the morning. It was a young one of the same kind as those we had seen run down by chetahs at Bhurtpore, and was hardly fit to be called a black buck yet, as they are light-coloured up to a certain age. Our host had but just returned from his winter's tour through his district. Part of the house was under repair, and few of his books were as yet unpacked, but those few were quite enough to pass the day very pleasantly with, and we made ourselves very comfortable during the heat of the day. Were it not that officials in India have plenty to do, life here would become dreadfully dull, for there is no European resident anywhere in the immediate vicinity. The nearest Europeans are the officer on duty, and another Englishman domiciled in the fort of Gwalior, three miles off. Besides these, there are only the officers of the Gwalior contingent,

whose cantonments are at a distance of seven or eight miles. This is probably nothing to some of the stations, which are four or five times as far from European society, but it is more than I should fancy. The sepoys of the contingent that we fell in with on guard about the Residency, were as well dressed and appointed as any troops I ever saw. They were in the uniform of the Rifles, dark green with black belts, and looked very different from the Rajah's own infantry, who dressed (or rather supposed to be dressed) as Europeans, turned out to salute the Resident on our way to the durbar in the evening. Of course we stayed at home during the heat of the day. It was hot and sultry, with a strong east wind, not at all tempting one to go out. In the evening Sir Richmond took us to the durbar. Part of the way we drove in carriages, escorted by a couple of suwars of the contingent force. After about three miles drive, over a very good road, we reached the entrance to the town, where we exchanged carriages for elephants, which were waiting there, and escorted by a party of Mahratta horse, fine-looking, well mounted fellows,

armed with matchlocks or lances, proceeded in state across the bed of a now dry river, along a handsome stone bridge, through the lashkar (so pronounced) to the durbar. The citadel or fort, standing on the top of a table rock, two or three hundred feet above the plain, is a fine object from the lower grounds, and comes up to my notion of Indian fortresses, such as I expected them to appear, more than any I have yet seen. Allahabad and Agra may be more imposing in structure, but they are less so in position. The old town lies to the eastward of the fort, but the lashkar, as the part we went to is called, lies at the other extremity, and owes its existence to the necessity under which Scindiah was placed by the British Government of locating his army somewhere or other, instead of keeping it constantly in motion from one place to another. He chose this spot (for no possible reason, unless that of its being the hottest and worst place in his dominions), and hence its name, "lashkar," signifying army. The natives of the country are Rajpoots, but the dynasty is that of their conquerors, the Mahrattas; in fact, the present Rajah can hardly make himself under-

stood by his subjects, and his minister could not speak Hindostanee at all when he came into office. The town differs little from other native towns: houses principally mud, some of red sandstone; streets generally narrow, always dusty, much crowded by men generally in petticoats, women generally in trowsers, children never in anything, mixed up with gaily caparisoned horses, Brahminy bulls, and wise looking elephants, all very oriental. We passed under an archway, and entered the court yard, which has the palace on three sides, a dead wall and the said archway on the fourth. The obedient elephants "bite, & e sit down, as ordered, we dismount, and by a narrow stone staircase covered with white cloth ascend to the durbar room, a long gallery with one side open to the court yard. The court attendants were seated in arm chairs along each side of the gallery, the young Rajah in a handsome silver and velvet chair at the end. Arm chairs were also in readiness for us on the right of the Rajah, which we occupied without any great ceremony. In fact where it is rather etiquette not to take one's hat off, one does not exactly know

what other profession of civility or respect to make, so we bundled into our chairs as quickly as possible, and began to stare about us. There was nothing remarkable in the apartment we were in, which was more an alcove than a room, being open along its whole length to the court below. An old fellow in spectacles, and the Rajah's prime minister, an intelligent looking man of about five-and-thirty years of age, were the principal talkers, Sir Richmond Shakespear interpreting for our benefit. The Rajah was dressed very plainly in white linen, as were most of the courtiers. He wore some fine jewels, handsome diamond and pearl ear-rings, a heavy string of pearls round his neck, diamond bracelets, and a large single diamond set in a ring. For head-dress he wore a flat kind of turban like that worn all over India, but with a strange shaped muslin cockade in it. He is about seventeen years of age, but looks older; intelligent in appearance, and by no means ugly. As to character, he is said to be without vices, intensely addicted to riding and field sports of all descriptions, a capital shot, and a cordial hater of books and study of any kind.

It must be an immense advantage to him and to his dominions to have a Resident like the present one to look after him, and if the said Resident can prevent the Rajah's female relations from getting control over him, he is likely to do very well. There is a rich old lady of indifferent character and high family, who has been doing her best to establish an influence over him for no good ends, but as yet her attempts have not succeeded. The predecessor of the present Rajah—his uncle, I think—was not over partial to him, and he and his mother lived for some time on the liberal allowance of sixteen shillings a month, the consequence of which was that his acquaintance was not limited to the members of the highest families, and he rather scandalised his court by familiar conversation with ragged street boys after his accession. It rather speaks in his favour in my opinion. Among the figures in the durbar was a strange looking old gentleman with his head and face swathed in white linen as if he had a violent toothache. He wore some handsome plate armour on his arms and breast, and was, I suppose, commander in chief of the army,



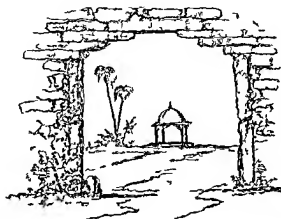
or something of the kind. During the whole durbar, nautch girls were going through their performances at the lower end of the room. None of them were pretty, and their evolutions, which consisted in paddling about the floor on the stiffest possible angles, an occasional movement of an arm, and alteration of the position of the veil, the whole accompanied by a very unmusical song, were, I thought, excessively tiresome. A kind of pantomime was also performed at our end of the room, which consisted in bringing to each of us trays of shawls and jewellery which we touched, and which were immediately removed, and supposed to be given to our servants to be taken home as presents. To heighten the illusion, after each person touched the tray it was removed out of sight, but I am not aware that any of the trays ever reached the Residency. In fact, those which were presented to Number Two, bore a very suspicious resemblance to those of Number One, and the whole ceremony was merely a pantomime representing the former custom of giving and receiving presents, which has for some time been a dead letter. The Rajah

always touched each tray first, and then the supposed recipient touched it after which it disappeared. Some of the jewellery looked rather pretty. At dusk we all turned our chairs towards the court yard and a display of fireworks took place, no great affair in themselves, but the court yard full of armed warriors on caparisoned horses, so much like circus figures with the elephants, the chattering and moving crowd, and the coloured fires, made a strange and extraordinary scene. The fireworks over, we were each presented with a garland of flowers and a leaf full of pawn. Some rose water was poured over our handkerchiefs and we took our leave. The strangest part of the garland ceremony is the way in which the Resident having received his garland from the Rajah, is expected to put one on the Rajah's neck himself, after which the Rajah adorns the remainder of his guests, like young bulls going to be sacrificed. It was the same at Lucknow, only that here they gave us besides garlands *'cuffs of roses and orange flowers, very sweet, and, of course, very becoming*. The young Rajah had had good sport lately, having killed

a couple of lions, unusual game in this part of India. They were described as being of much inferior size to the African species. We returned to the Residency as we went, part of the way on elephants, the remainder per carriage. We had previously settled not to go on to-night: our bearers will be none the worse for the night's rest.

*Wednesday, March 12.*—Our host is still suffering from the effect of wounds received during the Punjab campaign, and could not accompany us to the fort this morning. We had heard that there was but little to repay the trouble of the ascent, but that is a mistake. The fact is that people who see a thing every day of their lives forget that it may have the charm of novelty, at least, to others; and in travelling one ought to receive with caution the statement that such and such a place or thing is not worth seeing. We were all glad that we did not miss Gwalior fort. The carriage took us to the commencement of the old town, where we found the elephants, and on them proceeded to the entrance of, and part of the way up, the flight of steps which

leads to the fort itself We might have gone the whole way on the elephants, but preferred walking The approach is perhaps the finest part of it The staircase, as it may be called, is carried up the side of the rock, and is overhung by the great battle mented walls of the castle towering over it in all their feudal grandeur The walls are curiously ornamented with glazed tiles of various colours, placed in patterns representing trees, &c Two or three turns in the road add to the strength of the defences, before reaching the gateway, which leads



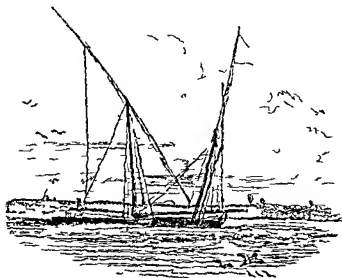
into the interior, and is a genuine Hindoo archway, or rather is not an archway, properly so called, at all, for the Hindoos knew nothing of the

principle of the arch, but built their gateways by laying one stone upon another, after the fashion of the annexed rough sketch. Even their circular domes, of which there are specimens at Gyah, Bindrabund, and here also, are built on the same principle. The interior of the fort is a great mass of buildings of various kinds, barracks, temples, huts, &c., and is occupied by a strong guard of native troops, artillery, and infantry, belonging to the contingent. I don't think these men ever miss an opportunity of turning out the guards. Wherever we went, if it happened to be within one hundred yards of a guard-house, out they all came and presented arms: our European garments being considered by them quite enough to entitle us to the honour. I guessed the length of the rock on which the fort is built to be about a mile, by from two to four hundred yards in breadth. It is almost entirely occupied by the fortress and its out-works, and is nearly level. Several large tanks supply it with water, and there are two very curious, ancient temples in the style of those at Bindrabund. One is pagoda-shaped, *i. e.*, something

like a sugar loaf squared off, the other is a domed building, and more nearly circular in its general shape. The latter is richly carved. Near this last was lying on the ground a huge gun of native manufacture, very heavy in metal, but of comparatively small bore, not equal, however, in size to the Bhurtpore gun. There is a vast number of field and other guns in the fortress—trophies of the battle of Maharajpore, but none of them were mounted on the walls. All I saw in position were a few field pieces. Among the Maharajpore guns was one of great calibre, but little weight of metal made howitzer shape, and intended to throw great quantities of pebbles. The natives of India seem to have exhausted a great deal of ingenuity in fabricating useless odd pieces of artillery, one of their particular varieties being the manufacture of unwieldy great guns which nobody could use, witness the great gun of Beejapore and others. Much of the *enceinte* of the walls is covered with ruins, but the walls themselves appear to be in very good condition, and likely long to survive the mandate of government, ordering

that they be allowed to fall into decay. We rambled about until near nine o'clock, when the sun gave us notice that it was high time we were under shelter again, so we drove back again to the Residency. At half-past three we started the palkees off, ourselves following later in Sir Richmond's carriage, to the spot where we found the elephants yesterday, and where the palkees awaited us to-day. We skirted the edge of the lashkar, and, after a march of four or five miles further, came up at a little after dark with the servants and pettaras, which had preceded us to a tope and well, where we had settled to have tea. Here we made a halt of half an hour or so, the bearers lighting fires and smoking their pipes around. The well near which we had halted is of curious construction, a circular shaft well built up with stone, very deep, and with a double flight of steps, made of stones jutting out from the sides, leading to the bottom. Tea over, we trotted on again by the light of the torches, and of the moon, over an undulated sandy country, very dry-looking and tree-less, but I believe, in fact, very fairly cultivated, though that did not show in the

moonlight I walked for some time alongside of our caravan, and at one time thought we had lost our way, for the palkees and pettaras were all *triotting off in different directions*. However, after a good deal of shouting and jabbering they all came together again, and proceeded at a good pace



NEAR ATFEH ON THE NILE



## CHAPTER VII.

Dāk Bungalow—Shorpori—Night March—Goonah—Tiger Hunt—News from England—Bujrunghur—Bursud—Bioura—Puchore—Moonlight Encampment.

*Thursday, March 13.*—Reached Mahona, a dāk bungalow, thirty-nine miles from Gwalior, at six A. M., not bad work. As soon as we arrived, we started off to shoot for our kitchen, and among us got one partridge, a parrot, and a number of doves and rock-pigeons. The neighbourhood of the bungalow swarms with these birds, which are not particularly good eating, but make a pleasant variety from the eternal fowls, the staple food in these countries. The dāk bungalow is much like any other, a two-roomed house on a ground floor, with a bathing-room attached to each sitting-room. Half of it was occupied by a sergeant employed about the road, (an European,) who had his family, tent, buggy, and a small guard of sepoy with

him He offered to vacate the bungalow and take to his tents, but of course we did not want to drive his wife and children from the comparatively cool bungalow to the intensely hot tent We learned from the sergeant, that a leopard had made his appearance about a neighbouring hill, in sight from the bungalow, and that men had been sent out to see if he was still there, as in that case we might have gone in search of him but they came back towards the afternoon, reporting that there were no traces of him, so I conclude he has taken himself off Other men who had been sent by the sergeant to fish were more successful and the produce of their sport was a not unwelcome addition to our dinner It was intensely hot all day, unusually so for the time of year, our friend told us last year he was out in his tents a month later, and with much cooler weather, so that we may yet chance to have a change It was not so oppressive, however, as we felt it at Gwalior, and by shutting up the bungalow, we contrived to keep the hot air pretty well out At about five o'clock we commenced getting under way again The sergeant gave us some

capital goats' milk, supplied by his flock which came in from grazing very opportunely, just as we were starting, and we proceeded, crossing the river Parbutti by a rocky ford, now quite dry, the water, I suppose, percolating beneath. We stopped, as usual, for tea, after a couple of hours' march; after which, as the evening was pleasant and the road pretty good, some of us walked on four or five miles further. The country is now less flat, and here and there covered with a low brushwood jungle. Some hackeries and a few natives passed along the road, and towards morning we met a rather neat buggy and horse, evidently the property of an European, then several camels, and the usual accompaniments of a marching camp belonging to a small party. We halted for about half an hour during the night, at the village of Shorpori, which seemed in the moonlight to be a considerable place, with more than its allowance of barking dogs. How very pleasant the few minutes' quiet sleep are, during the half hour's rest, worth all the remainder of the night's jerking slumbers.

*Friday, March 16.*—I turned out at daylight and

went after partridges—an unsuccessful chace One can hear them crowing all round, but without a dog it is next to impossible to get them The distant view of our destination, Seepree, as we approached it, reminded me, in the morning light, of views in Hampshire, and a corps of irregular cavalry in scarlet uniform dispersing to their lines after morning parade, had rather the appearance of “a meet in England Seepree is about thirty six miles from Mahona, and is the station of a corps of the Gwalior contingent It seems to be a rather nice little place, containing some neat bungalows, in one of which we were installed by the officer commanding the troops, there being no dak bungalow The cantonment stands on higher ground than Gwalior, and is consequently generally cooler, besides which it enjoys the great blessing of good water, not the case everywhere in India We found “the Atlas for India here with dates from England to the seventh of February, received via Bombay Our host sent his servants and mess traps, and supplied the eatables and drinkables so that our own stores were not called into play

Before starting we went over to call upon and thank him for his hospitality, his bungalow being close by the one we were lodged in. He seemed to like the kind of life very well, said the place was healthy, the society, though small, agreeable, and that though rather out of the way it was a well paid, and not expensive position that he occupied. The procession we met last night was that of an officer on his way to the hills for his health. We started again at the usual time, and met some of the residents taking their evening's drive—among them some jolly looking children in a bullock cart. The night was lovely and the road good, so I walked till past ten o'clock, stopping as usual half an hour for tea. This is about the pleasantest part of the day. The evenings are cool and pleasant, the moon bright, and the tea remarkably refreshing after a walk of six or seven miles. We always take a bottle of milk from the halting-place, that being an article one can almost always get in an Indian village, the only precaution that one must take being that of ordering it not to be boiled, a process to which the natives almost always subject

it, their fuel (dried cow dung) imparting a particularly unpleasant flavour to it. The country we are passing through is here and there cultivated, but generally covered with a brush wood jungle in patches, studded with good sized trees. About ten we passed the fort of Kolarus, apparently a half ruinous square building with high walls and circular bastions at the angles. a small village is clustered about it. At this place we rejoin the high road between Agra and Bombay, which our visit to Gwahor had taken us out of.

*Saturday, March 15* — We reached Burdeswar bungalow, a thirty two miles march, at a little after five. Strolled about as usual with the guns, but got only a parrot and a few doves. The water pretty good and weather rather cooler, thermometer at  $81^{\circ}$ , it was at  $84^{\circ}$  yesterday, and  $86^{\circ}$  the day before in our sitting living, and dining room. What it may have been out of doors I cannot say. We are now in a neighbourhood famous for game of all kinds small and great. one place in particular, six miles off the road, is said to swarm with tigers and deer. The former seem not to alarm our bearers much.

for the bangy men (those who carry the luggage), trot along quite unconcerned as to whether the torch-bearers are near them or not. I observe, however, that at the halts they never go to any distance from the fires. The trains of country carts or hackeries that we meet seem to take more precautions against the attacks of wild animals; they form regular camps, carts outside, and the cattle securely picketed in the space between, and when the train consists of laden bullocks without waggons, their loads are piled in a kind of breastwork near the cattle, and advantage taken of any break in the ground, or other accidental circumstance of position, to protect the animals. Tigers are not by any means the only enemy to be feared: there are plenty of leopards, wolves, hyænas, and other mischievous brutes besides. There seems to be an immense deal of cultivation about the villages, whole fields of wheat and barley: the farming, to my notion, indifferent, but things appear to grow so easily here. Under way again at the usual time. A twenty-eight miles march brought us to Goonah at daylight of *March* 16. Here, besides the dâk bungalow, which

is well situated on a rising ground, is the residence of Captain Burlton, a great Nimrod, and second in command of a regiment of the Gwalior contingent. His bungalow, and the lines of about a hundred Mahratta suwars whom he has under his orders, are near the duk bungalow, and the lines of his own regiment are on another low hill about a quarter of a mile off. Altogether he has with him about six hundred horse, and just now there are about two hundred more encamped on the ground near the bungalows, part of another regiment on their way from Berhampore to Gwalior. The encampment of the latter was very picturesque, with its horses picketed in regular lines, the tents or huts, the baggage piled, and the baggage ponies in the intervals of the lines, the men in their scarlet uniforms scattered about. For some time we have seen very few palm trees, but here they seem more plentiful, and there is a regular grove of them between what might be called the bungalow lawn and the open country. Whilst we were strolling about in the cool morning air, up cantered the captain on a powerful grey mare. He came with an



invitation to us to make use of his house and its contents, and a proposition that we should all sally out and beat up for a bear or a tiger. We agreed to both proposals, and were soon over at his bungalow to commence operations with breakfast. In his verandah was the skin of a huge tiger, whose late owner had only a few days ago nearly made a vacancy in the 2nd Gwalior contingent cavalry, for the captain had to make a jump down a bank about twenty feet high to avoid the charge of the infuriated beast, into whose head he had already put a couple of balls, one so near that the flash of the rifle singed the hair about the hole where the bullet entered. The tiger brushed his sambre-skin breeches with his paw, while the captain's hand touched the brute's head as he made the jump. They afterwards found the tiger dead a few yards off in the jungle. There was only one elephant to be had, and no hunting howdah is intended to hold five people, so it was settled that we should do our hunting on foot, and only use the elephant and such horses as could be collected as means of conveyance to the various beats, for which a number of men

were immediately despatched with drums and other noise making articles under the command of some of Captain Burlton's shikarries or huntsmen. Captain Burlton said, that although he was in the habit of going out himself on foot he thought it a foolhardy thing to do, and that it was what he would advise no man to do, but we waxed valorous, and about ten off we started. Two or three more of the shikarries accompanied us, fine athletic fellows, armed with matchlocks and tulwars (the native sabre). They are men who have received more or less training from Captain Burlton, and are fair shots with their matchlocks, as one of them afterwards showed by almost entirely demolishing a hare at one shot. Our elephant was a fine female, and we three were comfortably seated on a huge pad like an apoplectic mattress, lashed on to the animal's back with an infinity of stout rope. I prefer these pads to regular howdahs. The sun was certainly piping hot, but our sola hats, and perhaps the excitement, prevented our noticing it much. There was a light breeze blowing too, which made it rather cooler. We were unsuccessful in the way of sport, though

some country people reported that a tiger had been seen the day before in a large patch of jungle which we beat, and about fifteen yards from the edge of which our host posted Grosvenor and me, behind a scrubby thing like a gooseberry bush, opposite a very likely spot. Perhaps it was as well that the "likely spot" did not furnish a roaring devil of a tiger, for although we had a double barrel and a pistol each, there would have been but little time for aiming, and a tiger has often done mischief enough with quite as many bullets in its inside as we were likely to drop into him. We saw nothing but a sounder of wild boar, and a few peacocks. It was, however, exciting enough as we knelt behind our bush and heard the distant cries and noises of the beaters approaching, particularly when the report of a gun from one of our companions, whom Burlton had taken with him to some little distance, fell upon our ears. He had fired at, and they thought wounded, a hyæna, and one of the natives took a long shot at the wild boar, but missed. We afterwards tried some other very thorny jungles, but saw nothing but some deer, one of which fell to

Grosvenor's rifle, some hares, and peafowl. A panther was traced to his den in the clefts of a large pile of rocks, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to smoke him out, but either he had taken himself off, or else he was not such a fool as to run the gauntlet of five double barrels and a number of matchlocks, so we were obliged to give him up too, and, as it was getting late, go home again, and console ourselves with a dip in the captain's swimming bath and a good dinner, washed down with copious draughts of 'mug' a capital compound of beer, water, mint, and sugar. The Resident of Indore, too, had sent up our letters, so that we enjoyed the unexpected pleasure of getting news from England. We all slept in our respective palkees at the dâk bungalow, having settled to try our luck again in the morning. Accordingly at daylight (*March 17*) we were ready to start again, as before, some on horseback, some on the elephant. Some time ago this same elephant was out with a hunting party, when a panther suddenly sprang at her. She was startled, and backed so suddenly that she caught the back of the howdah against the

branch of a tree, nearly decapitated the sportsmen in the howdah, and sent all the guns, &c., flying out of it. Her mahout, however, brought her up to the scratch again, or to what would have been the scratch, if she had not suddenly pulled a young tree down over the panther and walked up it until she got right over the beast, and, of course, crushed it to death. Our beat to day was in a different direction; the same shikarries were out again, besides about eighty beaters, and a buffalo had been tied up during the night near to a spot where a tiger was supposed to have established his head quarters. The buffalo had, however, not been molested, so after beating a patch of jungle, and wounding one nylghau which got away, we adjourned to another place. The beaters were as well drilled as any beaters I ever saw, and filled the air with the most diabolical row of yells and tom-toms, but our luck was "down again." A shikarry killed a nylghau (which made such a bellowing as it died, that I and some of the other greenhorns thought that a tiger or panther had been hit), and Burlton shot a deer; but the greatest piece of ill-luck was

our firing at some wild duck we found swimming on the surface of a little river. We had got to the end of a patch of jungle, and came upon the stream, or, as it now appeared, a series of pools upon which the birds were floating. Burlton and I made two goodish shots at them, but they were unlucky ones, as they probably lost us a tiger, which was at the moment within a couple of hundred yards of us. Crossing the stream, we skirted the edge of the jungle we had just left, which here ended in a broken cliff covered with jungle, and about thirty or forty feet high. We had not gone far when an unusual commotion among some birds of a kind called by the natives five councillors, showed that something was going on in the jungle just over the top of the bank, and not more than thirty or forty yards from us. Burlton had just remarked that those birds never made that commotion except about an owl or something in the feline way, when he discovered one of his shikarries up in a tree some way further back in the jungle, and learnt from his signs that the cause of the commotion was a tiger. The beaters were instantly sent back by a short detour into the

jungle, we took up positions on the edge of a little ravine, and we all really thought we were in for a shindy, but our unlucky shots at the ducks had given the tiger, who had been watching some cattle feeding in the valley below, notice of our arrival, and he had either gone back through the jungle, or had concealed himself in the crevices of the bank. At all events, although we found his fresh traces, we saw nothing of the animal itself, which was said by the shikarry to have been a small one, so all our excitement and hurry came to nothing. If the brute had had the manners to remain, I think we should have got him, for we were in a capital position, with a clear view of the opposite bank of the ravine where we believed the brute to be. To get this view, however, we were obliged to get up into small trees so as to look over the intervening bushes, and I fully expected that my tree would carry itself and me bodily into the ravine. Burlton and I were very near firing at what we took for the tiger's head, but which turned out to be only an effect of light on broken ground. I never saw anything more distinctly than the shape of the animal's

head, and the resemblance was so strong that it was only when the beaters came up and walked over the place that either we or the skikarry were quite convinced that it was not the game we were after. It was all excessively disappointing, but like most disappointments, could not be helped, so we got what consolation we could out of our breakfast, which had been sent some distance further on. The servants had been ordered to get it ready at the very spot where the tiger was seen, but by some mistake they took it further on. It shows that it is as well to be cautious in the selection of spots for pic nics in this part of the world. During the rest of the day our luck did not mend. We beat several other patches of jungle, one said to be a noted find for bears, saw traces of them and of panthers &c, but nothing of the animals themselves, and were at last obliged to return after a hard day's work with only the nylgau and the deer as trophies. It was nobody's fault, and our host did his utmost to show us sport, but the fact is that at so short a notice we were lucky in getting near to a tiger at all, and in spite of our ill success I enjoyed the



expedition much, though, of course, it would have been pleasanter had we come back with a tiger on the elephant. The bath and the dinner were very refreshing after our day's work. Our host's life must be a strange one, no European living within sixty miles, and no society but that of his huntsmen. He has trained two boys to carry his spare rifles, and seems to have entire trust in their pluck and spirit, which, he says, they repay by entire confidence in him. Moreover, he is monarch of all he surveys, receives good pay, forage for almost nothing, and the place is healthy and well supplied with good water. We started again at nine o'clock, the road good but more hilly; some large animal, probably a wolf, ran across the road just before me as I trudged along a little ahead of the palkees. About five miles from Goonah we passed the town of Bujrunghur, a considerable place, and during the night crossed the now dry beds of several streams. We reached the next bungalow, Bursud, distant thirty miles, at about 7 A.M., (*Tuesday, March 18*)—a small hot bungalow. We are now on a different kind of soil: it is much darker in colour and much

less dusty The jungle is thicker and abounds in a kind of tree bearing a profusion of pink and red flowers It was very hot indeed About half past five we started again One of the bearers is lame and the others have contrived to get a white pony which carries him and a couple of carpet bags of ours, with which it seems to get on very well Two pariah dogs have also attached themselves to our train, and attend our mess at dinner time Walk on to the tea place about seven miles, during which we crossed the Parbutta again by a paved ford There is no water in it at this time of year, except what is in a series of pools, which, we were told, never entirely dry up The country is more hilly, and the road, except sometimes at the nullahs or watercourses, pretty good The night was cool and pleasant Got over twenty eight and a half miles, and reached Bioura at half past six a m (Wednesday, 19th) Bungalow small, but the man in charge attentive, and we got better food than usual The water is indifferent both here and at Bursud, no small matter when one is continually drinking it This same drinking water so much,

may be a bad thing, but I certainly find that it helps me to walk at night a good deal. Nothing is so pleasant after a few hours' dusty walk, as to wash the dust down one's throat with a good draught of water from the cooler, which I keep slung behind my palkee. The water at our tea place was very good. We are now in a more populous country: villages are tolerably frequent, but no Europeans are to be found between Goonah and Indore. It was hotter than ever to-day, and we consequently started rather later than usual. At our tea place we fell in with a caravan of natives, bullock waggons, and coolies halting round large fires. It seems too that some festival is going on, for both to-night and last night, the country has been studded with bonfires, and at every village tom-toms and noises meant for singing have been heard.

*Thursday, March 20.*—Our march to-night was a short one—only eighteen miles—to Puchore, which we reached at about two A.M. Nothing can be pleasanter than the two or three hours' sleep one gets after the palkees are grounded at the end of a

short march like this. We found here an unexpected and most acceptable addition to our literary stock in the shape of some of the last mail's Galignanis sent by Mr Hamilton from Indore. The little odds and ends of news we picked up out of them furnished a good stock of conversation, and passed the time away amazingly well. We had a long march before us, so we started rather early, and felt the heat of the evening a good deal, until the sun went below the horizon, when the air got delightfully fresh and cool, in fact pleasanter than any since leaving Agra. To make a better division of marching hours we did not halt to tea until we had got over good five "coss, i. e. ten miles, when we pulled up in a lane between two poppy fields. The moon had just risen, and gave light enough to make artificial light unnecessary, and the tea in the cool night air was very agreeable. We have got into a finely timbered country, great masses of wood reminding one, to a certain extent, of English park scenery.

## CHAPTER VIII.

March to Shahjehanpore—Dewas—Malwa Residency—Description of an Indian School—Palace and Bazaar of Malwa—Rajah of Malwa—Difficulties attending Indian Travelling—Visit of Jung Bahadoor to England—Hooly Time—The Durbar—Court Etiquette—The Rajah's Band.

*Friday, March 21.*—The march to Shahjehanpore which we reached at six this morning was a long one, nearly thirty-seven miles. A bungalow ten miles short of it, which we should otherwise have stopped at, having been unroofed, and being therefore in this vertical sun country, unfit to be occupied in the daytime. The dâk bungalow here is just outside the town, which is, or was once, very extensive, and is situated on a large plain, and embosomed in trees. G. and I trudged up a little hill about half a mile off, where we got a fair view over a considerable expanse of country. There is another higher hill a little further off with some trees on the top. Both are I suspect more or less sacred:

the smaller one at all events, having a kind of altar on it, and the stones cleared away from a track leading to the summit. We started a large fox, and saw some partridges and a quantity of doves about as we went up. We found a fresh supply of bread and Galignanis here from Mr Hamilton. Nothing could have been more acceptable. Reading and scribbling passed away the day. It is certainly a great disadvantage to Indian travelling thus being confined to the house all day. Everybody, natives and all, tell you not to go out in the sun, and none do so, but those who are obliged. It was hot indoors, but not intensely so. We started as usual, at about half past five.

*Saturday, March 22*—The most tiresome and the duller half of our journey ended to day, with a march of thirty five miles to Dewas, where we arrived rather later than we intended, our bearers being none the better for their last night's push, and a drive in a carriage Mr Hamilton has sent for us, of twenty two miles to Indore, which we reached at about eleven. Dewas is a curious place,

a bungalow and village, at the foot of some detached hills rising out of an extensive plain. One of these hills is evidently particularly sacred, and has a long flight of stone steps leading to some altars and temples, which are scattered about it. The base of the hill is surrounded by numerous tombs and temples of various kinds, but of no particular beauty, and there is a good deal of fine timber in the neighbourhood. The carriage was there ready for us, with a small escort of suwars, but we were delayed some time waiting for our carpet-bags, into which we had put such things as we should require for civilised society at Indore, and which were of course the last, instead of the first things, to come up. However at about eight we got away, and after a drive of three hours over a tolerable road through a fine country, arrived at Indore, where Mr. Hamilton installed us in a comfortable bungalow, about a hundred yards from his own house. Indore is the station of the Resident in Malwa, on the territories of Holkar. The town lies about a couple of miles to the northward of the Residency, separated from it by a river, now a small, insignificant

stream, but subject to great floods, as all rivers in India seem to be. The Residency consists, as usual, of the houses of the Resident, his assistant, doctor, &c., and of the lines or barracks of the escort. The ground is slightly undulated, and tolerably well wooded, but the grass has a burnt up look, and the whole aspect of the place gives an impression of great heat, though they say it seldom suffers from that, so much as many other parts of India. We found the arrangement of a separate cottage very comfortable. We are in nobody's way, and can lounge about in great independence as to quantity and quality of costume. A whole host of servants is in attendance, among them one who speaks English—a rare find where masters usually endeavour to get servants who don't understand anything but their own tongue—and a bullock cart is perpetually going to and fro, between the Residency and the bungalow, especially intended to prevent any white man from making the smallest use of his legs. I believe our bearers think us great “griffins” for walking as much as we do. Between morning and evening walk I fancy we do an average of ten or



twelve miles, nothing so very alarming after all. Mr. Hamilton's establishment is I think, one, if not the best "monté" of any that I have seen in India; and he and his daughter, the latter a predecessor of ours in India by only a few days, received us very cordially. After the heat of the day, we all went for a drive in a barouche and phaëton round the grounds,—a three mile drive round a kind of park, very nicely laid out. Some of the officials of the Residency dined.

*Sunday, March 23.*—As there is no church here, Mr. Hamilton read the service at seven o'clock in his dining-room. The congregation consisted of the ten or eleven Europeans at present here, including ourselves. In the evening, another drive like yesterday's, and a visit to the stables, which are extensive and very well stocked with carriage and riding horses, helped to pass away the time.

*Monday, March 24.*—Mr. Hamilton mounted us all to-day, and at about six we went for a ride. We were to have gone an hour earlier, but our party, as a body, is not blessed with the virtue of punctuality, and we did not get away till the above-

mentioned hour We were all capitally mounted, and the steeds seemed in capital spirits, in fact mine was so hot that I could hardly hold him We made a large party, including two or three of the Residency people, a native groom, and five or six suwars Our ride was round the town and through it to some chuttries or tombs of the Maharajah's family A good road leads to the town, which is approached by a handsome granite bridge (at least the stone looks like granite) built by the native government at the instance, and on the plans of, Mr Hamilton, entirely by native workmen A good many people, among them several women, were working at it when we passed Before crossing the bridge we rode into the quadrangle of the school, which also owes its existence to the Resident's influence In it four hundred boys are taught reading, writing, and cyphering, *their own language and English, besides other things if they choose to learn them* The boys were only just coming to school when we got there, but the buildings seemed clean and neat The advantage of such an institution to the rising

generation of Malwa may be imagined. As in all Eastern schools, there are no forms or tables in the school-rooms. All hands squat on the floor, and write either on their knees, or holding the paper in the left hand. In the town the traces of improvement are not wanting either: the streets are wide and comparatively clean, the houses better built, and the newer ones after a better plan than is generally the case in a native town. The palace is a wonderful building. The front faces a kind of square, is six or seven stories high, covered all over with multitudes of little windows, and has wings extending from each side, much lower and without windows. Altogether it is not unpicturesque, and might be a good gate-tower to the castle of an ogre. Sentries in European uniform, very well got up, were on duty about the palace, as well as some genuine Mahrattas with matchlock and shield. A great gateway leads into the court of the palace, but we did not go in, having a prospect of a durbar in the evening before us. Our procession was now increased by the addition of a vakeel and some servants of the

Rajah's, some mounted, others on foot, so that we were a troop of twenty or thirty in number, as we paraded through the bazaar. Among the improvements, the Rajah would have done well to have removed a hideous statue which disgraces one street of the bazaar, but it probably represents some deity or other, so that even if he wished it, he would not dare to touch it. Great quantities of English goods were exposed in the shops for sale, such as cloth, linen, hardware, &c. The shop-keepers are said to be many of them men of considerable wealth, and the consumption of goods of the kinds above-mentioned, is very large. It probably would be much larger, had they a railway to these parts, as the great expense of everything here, is in great measure caused by the difficulty of getting things brought from Bombay, and they would then return cotton, for which the soil is said to be well adapted. At present the only means of conveyance are by wagon, or by laden bullocks, either of which methods are liable to great delays, either by accidents or sickness among the cattle, and at any time takes from five weeks to two

sharp man who speaks English perfectly, and whose name is Omar Seit, called. He accompanied the young Rajah on a tour he lately made, and had the greater part of the arrangement of it. It was, I should think, the first instance of a native prince dropping his dignity, and laying aside all his state, for the purpose of seeing the world. It was done entirely at his own suggestion, with the approval and knowledge of the Governor-General and Mr. Hamilton, and must have been well managed, as during the whole time he was nowhere recognised. He was absent about three months, travelling on horseback with a small suite and light camp, altogether amounting to about twenty-five souls—in true Mahratta fashion, in fact: and he visited Agra, Delhi, Meerut, &c., returning by Jyepoor and Ajmere. For companions he had his brother, the above-mentioned preceptor, and one or two other friends. If he had travelled in the style usual to Indians of his rank, I suppose his suite would have amounted to two or three thousand persons. Altogether, the voyage is likely to have done the young prince a great deal of good: and

if others will follow his example, and enlarge their ideas by foreign travel, the country is likely to benefit by it. The preceptor seemed anxious to visit England, and talked much of his hopes of one day doing so. The great bugbear is the sea, which few of these Mahrattas have even seen, still less understand what it is like, but the voyage of Jung Bahadoor to England, his having accomplished it without losing caste, and with so little difficulty, will, I think, incline many of the natives of India to follow his example. This happened to be the day for bringing in the various reports, and native after native came to make his salaam and give in his report to the Resident. Among them came the man whose business it is to make his report of the course of affairs at court. He read a long paper in Hindostanee, in a loud voice and with considerable emphasis. The most trivial circumstances are reported how, it being "hooly time, the court had divided itself into two parties, and had engaged in the intellectual amusement of peltng one another with red powder, and ducking one another with water tinged of a deep crimson

colour; how one of the Resident's domestics, who had been sent to the durbar to announce the arrival of four "distinguished strangers" at the Residency, had received a considerable proportion of the honour, and other similarly important facts. The servant in question certainly came back a wonderful figure; he went as white as snow, and came back looking like a bruised cherry. After all, our court circulars sometimes describe equally trivial circumstances with very much similar gravity and detail. Hooly time is a period of six or seven days devoted to feasting, and the above-mentioned amusements. At four we went to the durbar, driving across the bridge in the Resident's carriage, escorted by a large party of irregular cavalry, and there we changed carriage for elephants, on which we went the remaining two or three hundred yards. One elephant, on which Mr. Hamilton and Grosvenor mounted, was one of the finest I ever saw, immensely high, and his head beautifully painted in the brightest colours. The others were also fine animals, and had their heads painted in a similar manner, but not so gaudily. It is a common enough style of ornament,

but I never saw it so well done before. A few minutes brought us to the durbar, the square in front of which was full of people, and had a guard of cavalry and infantry drawn up in it, in front of the palace. The cavalry wore an uniform resembling that of our irregulars—and the infantry that of our sepoys, and all looked very clean and well appointed. These were the Rajah's own troops, and there were besides some real Mahratta horsemen, in native dress, with lance or matchlock. It was as usual a pretty and a gay sight. We dismounted at the gateway, the elephants all in such close proximity to one another in the narrow entrance, that we found their great tails flopping against our faces when we had stepped fairly off our moving mountains. The court of the palace, into which we were ushered, was full of natives and shaded by an immense red awning. The quantity of miniature colonnades and little windows opening to the court, mostly with white robed natives gazing through them, gave the whole scene a singular and picturesque appearance. Led by a mob of natives up some narrow stairs, and through



another court bearing recent traces of the fray, we reached the durbar room, where we found the young Rajah Hurry Rao Holkar. He is a lad of seventeen, not handsome, but intelligent looking, and well mannered. His education has been superior to that of most of his class, for he speaks English and Hindostanee, besides his own, the Mahratta, language. We all squatted down on either side of him on low cushions, and chatted for half an hour about the Great Exhibition that is to be, and any other subject that happened to turn up, a crowd of white-robed Mahrattas sitting round and listening as if they understood it all. Every time that any "swell" came in to pay his respects or to join the party, the whole assembly chaunted out his name, by way, I fancy, of calling the Rajah's attention to him, and when the Rajah got up to go away, a general cry arose, all hands announcing the Rajah's titles. During the whole *séance*, a nautch girl had been going through the usual gesticulations with the usual singing accompaniment. The latter was more musical than any I have yet heard: in fact, some of it was almost pretty. On

rising we all followed the Rajah to an alcove, opening on, and a little above, the court-yard, where we sat down, this time on chairs, and were witness to the ducking and red-powder-pelting amusement, the great fun of the hooly. Party after party of Mahratta chiefs came into the court-yard, shouted their salaam loudly, and were well sprinkled with red powder and blood-red coloured water liberally pumped over them from two fire-engines posted in the yard. We had previously stipulated that on account of the very limited state of our wardrobes we were to be exempted from this scarlet infliction, but many insidious attempts were made to engage us to join in the amusement by tempting us with dishes of clay balls filled with the red powder, and bowls of the liquid with squirts alongside of them. It only required one of us to have taken one of the balls up, or to have filled a squirt, to have reduced us at once to the condition of stage devils, and to have caused the commencement of a battle royal. Probably the court thought us the slowest set of fellows they had ever seen. The most curious part of the ceremony was the participation in it of

several elephants. They sucked up the red fluid into their trunks, and squirted it out again over the people in the gravest manner. One of these was an immense beast with splendid tusks, and carried his head so high that his mahout was almost concealed from us, sitting opposite on a raised platform, ten feet or so from the ground. The Rajah's preceptor, who was sitting near me, said that this carrying the head high is considered a great beauty in an elephant. I had a good deal of chat with this said preceptor, who, when he found out that I was in the nautical line, asked a great many questions relative to the dangers of the deep, and the great bugbear, sea-sickness. In answer to the last, I said that people were not always sea-sick. The questioning evidently arose from a half-formed idea of a visit some day or other to England, and it would have been hardly fair to exaggerate or to underrate the disagreeables of the sea voyage. To finish the interview, rose-water was squirted over each of us in succession, and garlands were distributed by the Rajah, after which we returned home in the same order as that in which we came.

The cortège in the square outside had been reinforced by some handsome horses, really splendidly caparisoned, with gold embroidered housings, and headstalls, and plumes on their heads. I never saw steeds so magnificently "got up." Altogether, instead of being bored with this durbar as we had expected to have been (in fact we had settled not to go, and only did go at the express request of the Rajah), we were all very much amused, though we voted the red powder business rather tiresome. The durbar lasted a little too long, but was worth seeing, as being a genuine Mahratta court. The arrangement by which the present Rajah succeeded to the throne seems odd enough. He was placed on it to the exclusion of his elder brother, and, I think, of his father too, by way of a demonstration that he only succeeded, not by right of primogeniture or any other right, but that of having been selected by government. At least so I understood the arrangement to stand. The Rajah asked one of us what he thought of the law of primogeniture. It seems fortunate that the elder brother, who was present at the durbar, is perfectly satisfied with the

arrangement, as it leaves him a good deal of power and influence, and very little trouble; and besides it has always been customary in the East for great men to denote particular persons, often not their eldest sons, as their heirs and successors, so that the accession of a younger brother to the exclusion of an elder is not so unusual as it would be with us. We filled up the time before dinner with a stroll through the grounds. At dinner we met an officer of the 5th Bengal Cavalry who had been wounded at Chillianwallah, where he and another English officer charged unsupported by their men. That unlucky affair of Chillianwallah is still a great topic in India, and one hears fifty different stories about it. During dinner the Rajah's band played, really very fairly, considering that they are all natives except three, who are half castes, descendants of the Portuguese. Their original band-master, a German, died some months ago. They played selections from "Lucrezia Borgia," "La Gazza Ladra," the coronation march in the "Prophète," and other things, ending with "God save the Queen," very tolerably, rather an unexpected treat in such an out-of-the-way place.

## CHAPTER IX

A Refractory Camel—De sganm—Bengal Opium—French Gentlemen in Upper India—Garrulity of the Natives—Use of Soda Water in India—Imprisoned Rajah—Clerical Duties in India—Borhampore—Population—Nautch Entertainment—Cotton-cleaning Establishment—Furdapore—Visit to the Caves

*Tuesday, March 25*—Writing letters and trying to persuade a refractory camel to carry our pettaras to the place where the palkees are to meet us, kept us up till past two, when the brute condescended to start with our black leather bags instead, what he objected to most, being the rattling noise made by the tin pettaras. My night's rest was consequently rather a short one, for we had to be up at four to start at five, so as to get as much of our journey as possible over before the great heat of the day. It was an early hour to take leave of our hosts, but both Mr H and his daughter were already up, and about to start on their morning's exercise when we

got away, Mr. H. topping up the measure of his kindness by sending us forty-two miles on our road in his carriage, having previously sent horses on to the various stages. An escort of suwars also accompanied us, and we reached our halting-place at Burwya at about eleven, but not without accident, for in descending a steep hill, the carriage overpowered the horses and ran into the bank on the road side, snapping the pole in two, and cutting one of the horses rather severely. It was fortunate that the accident occurred near where a fresh relay happened to be stationed. A carpenter was found by one of the suwars, though where he turned up from I could not make out; the pole secured as well as possible with some rope we luckily had with us, and after a delay of half-an-hour we proceeded. The hill we were descending, is where the road leads down from the elevated plateau of the Gwalior country to the lower grounds. The surface of this part of India lies in great ranges of steps, this being one, and another near Bombay; the country between the said steps being a hilly but not mountainous district. We had another accident in

descending another hill, but soon got right again, and regaining level ground, reached our bungalow without any further events. The country begins to look very much burnt up, a great deal of wood and jungle, but little cultivation that I saw. The road thus far excellent and the views sometimes extensive, and in a less dry season probably pretty. On our way we saw a few antelopes on the road side. We are now, again, off the direct road between Agra and Bombay, which passes by Mhow, about fourteen miles from Indore. We are to rejoin it at Poonah, and diverge here to see Asseerghur and Ajunteh, with other remarkable spots. Burwya is a native village, with a large serai or native inn, and a small bungalow, in which we fed and stewed all day, and pretty particularly hot it was, the thermometer at  $94^{\circ}$  in the room almost until sunset. The bungalow book contained a statement of how the writer had shot a leopard from the bungalow window. I believe the whole country is full of tigers and other game, but they are not civil to us, for the Rajah of Indore had buffaloes tied up in two or three places to attract



them for us, but they would not come.\* From Burwya a mounted *súwar* relieved at every stage accompanies our train, and a camel sent by Mr. Hamilton also goes with us as far as Asseerghur. Both turned out very useful, for about midnight my *palkee* broke down, and the *suwar* was in requisition to recal my *pettaras*, in which I always carried a coil of rope, with which I secured it sufficiently to make it carry all its contents but the live one, and I mounted the camel after walking for an hour or so, and rode him to Deisgaum, our next halting-place. We crossed the Nerbudda soon after dark of this march, and had tea on the banks. The night was very warm, and the moths on the river bank rather troublesome. The river is deep, the current sluggish at this time of year, and the bed stony; we crossed by a ferry: after crossing, the road was horribly dusty, and turning out to mend the *palkee* at midnight was not a pleasant operation. It delayed us about an hour, and after that we had to "ride and tie," I taking a couple of hours in

\* We heard afterwards, that a day or two after our departure, tigers came down in plenty, the Rajah killing five himself in a very short time.

Leveson's palkee, then turning out to walk till five, when I mounted the camel, on a high perch behind the camel-driver, a talkative old gentleman who seemed to care very little whether one understood him or not. The camel was not nearly so rough as they sometimes are, and we reached Deisgaum (thirty-two miles from Burwya) at seven o'clock of *Wednesday, March 26*. The country thus far, is undulated and rather well wooded; what I saw after daylight reminding me more or less of parts of Surrey, barring the occasional palm trees. Except some evergreens, not shrubs but good large trees, most of the leaves were off, but the evergreens were many of them of a very brilliant green, and set off the landscape very much. In the morning and during the night, we met a good many hackeries, and a very large number of laden bullocks. We were told that eighty thousand of the latter alone, travel annually between Agra and Bombay. I saw two nylghaus in the early morning, about four or five hundred yards from the road; it would have been a capital chance if I had had a gun, they being well

to windward, and the ground good for stalking them, but the gun was of course two miles behind. Deisgaum is a small bungalow and village, close by the remains of an old Mahratta fort. It did not contain sufficient resources to repair my palkee, the only tradesmen being two bunniers, who sell nothing but grain and such like articles. We kept ourselves cooler to-day by putting up a tatty, or cuscus-grass screen, at the door which happened to be to windward, and getting a black fellow to keep it perpetually wet. The air coming through was very cool and pleasant. On the great roads they keep these tatties regularly fitted to the doors and windows, but this being a by-road they have none of these luxuries, and we were reduced to a makeshift of taking the tatty from the top of one of the palkees, which however answered very well, not that our apartment was at all over cool, but it was less hot than it would otherwise have been. We passed this day in very light costume, and amused ourselves by sleeping, reading, or scribbling. Some of the statistics of the opium

trade which I have lately heard, are curious Malwa, the district we have just quitted, is famous for its opium, but being grown in a foreign state and having to go through the E I C territories to reach the sea, the Company levies an export duty of four hundred rupees per chest upon it. Other expenses before the opium can be shipped amount to about fifty rupees, so that each chest has cost about four hundred and fifty rupees by the time that it is on its way to China. The Bengal grown opium being a monopoly of the Company does not pay the export duty, and is besides nearer the market, and has better means of conveyance to the sea, so that Malwa labours under considerable disadvantages. Their greatest difficulty is, however, the great fluctuation of the market prices in China. Accounts reach from the Bombay steamer that opium has risen in value, say two hundred rupees per chest, but it is difficult to avail themselves of that information, for though the news reaches by dak runners in three or four days, the goods cannot be got to the coast under a month, and the mean time opium is "down again." This

however only affects the opium agents: the cultivator has almost invariably a fixed price, and cares nothing about the rise or fall of opium in the China market. All he thinks about is frost, which sometimes plays the very deuce with his crop, but if he does succeed in getting his crop in he is sure of a buyer. In fact the cultivators generally contract with the agents, who are in Malwa, all natives, for a certain sum per acre before the opium is out of the ground. Some of these agents are very rich, and they have lately taken to sending one of their own body every year to China to look after their sales there. One of these men had lately returned to Indore and told Mr. Hamilton that the most difficult part of the journey was the getting from Indore to Bombay and back. The remainder of the voyage he performed in the P. and O. Company's steamer, without losing caste, and without difficulty. It is difficult to imagine what a Hindoo, knowing no language but his own, could have done at Hong Kong, in the way of business. However it seems to answer their purpose. Some years ago it would have been next to impossible to

persuade a Hindoo to stir beyond the limits of his country, now they seem anxious to have a railway or any other improved mode of intercommunication, and it is not improbable that they will have it before long. Excepting the ghauts near the coast, and those we descended yesterday and a few rivers there seem to be few engineering difficulties which an English engineer would think very alarming. I wish the railway existed now it would save us a good deal of tiresome road, and jolting palkee work. We left Deisgaum at six o'clock, Olphrant taking the first turn on the camel, I walking or going in his palkee, until we got to the well where we had settled to have our tea. On our way we met a number of bearers on their way home. They had been employed by two French gentlemen, who have been travelling in Upper India, and who had had these bearers with them for three months, having engaged them at Wuzeerabad beyond Lahore. They told us that they had left the Frenchmen at Aurungabad. At our halting place, one of our men was taken ill with spasms and violent pain in the stomach. I had a little bottle of essence of ginger

in my palkee, and with that and some brandy we concocted a dose, which at all events could not do the sick man any harm, and after feeling his pulse and looking as grave as we could, we administered the potion, and left him at a village close by. He seemed rather to relish the medicine, which we had made pretty strong. After tea, I took the camel nearly to Boregaun our next halting-place, twenty-four miles from Deisgaum, through what looked in the moonlight a pretty well-wooded and well-watered country, thickly sprinkled with villages. We reached the bungalow at a little before four o'clock, the morning quite comparatively cool, and I much enjoyed a few hours quiet sleep in my palkee under the verandah.

*Thursday, March 27.*—In the course of the day came notes from the commandant of the fortress of Asseerghur (only eleven miles off), who had heard we were coming, offering lodging, &c., at that place, and from the colonel and officers of the 16th, inviting us to dine at their mess whenever we should arrive. Towards sunset we started again, the road, if possible, more dusty than ever. After walking

some little way, I mounted the camel half way. Olphant relieved me, I took his palkee, and at about eleven o'clock woke out of a deep sleep in the middle of a mob of people assembled to look at us in the bazaar of Asseerghur. Two ponies were waiting, which two of us mounted, the others walking up the very steep ascent which leads to the fortress, the palkees and baggage following. Though very steep the road is good, sometimes in rather close proximity to the precipitous bank. It was too dark to distinguish the shape of the fort, which towered above us, dimly seen in the gloom, but the occasional glare of the torches on the massive buttresses and the huge walls gave a more majestic and imposing appearance than it would have had in the daylight. Passing through a low gateway, which might well have belonged to an enchanted castle, only that enchanted castles are not guarded by sentries with cross belts and muskets, we found ourselves at last at the top, and inside the fortress, and before long at the house of the commandant, Colonel Smee. None of us were hungry, but all were thirsty. I could have gone on drinking soda



water for an hour. We were literally full of dust, inside and out. Some tea followed, and then we were all glad enough to lie down. My palkee pillows and a mat on a sofa made me a very good bed, and I slept very comfortably, after I had succeeded in persuading some of the servants to hold their tongues. These native fellows will talk all night after working all day: they were probably discussing the new arrivals. Here we began to notice the differences between the Bombay and Bengal side. The first difference is in the perpetual call for servants: in Bengal one calls "Quibhy," here it is "Boy." In both, people are so constantly calling for servants, that it is among the first things one notices. They tell us here that the Bengal Presidency is twenty years ahead of that of Bombay, and that the difference in comfort and in excellence of arrangements as to general mode of life will be very perceptible to us.

*Friday, March 28.*—Nobody was inclined to turn out very early. The fort being eight hundred feet above the level of the plain, is said to be a good deal cooler than the lower grounds; however, I

cannot say that we found any great difference to day. We saw some Bombay papers containing alarming intelligence from the Cape matters seemed to be in a very bad way there. The supply of drinking water here is rather small, and they have been so long without rain, that they are beginning to be rather alarmed about it and to husband it as much as possible. However, the colonel has a good stock of soda water, so that we are not badly off. It is comparatively lately that the use of soda water has become so general in India, a good substitute at all events for brandy and water, the most common beverage formerly. Some of the officers of the 16th regiment breakfasted. They told us that the neighbourhood is full of game of various kinds—sambre and spotted deer, bears, panthers and bison abounding. The latter are cattle of a reddish colour, and have very large horns, when wounded they are very dangerous, and they take a great deal of killing. Our host has shot a good many, besides a considerable number of lions, tigers, &c, the latter generally on foot. The danger, he says, generally

lies in the nature of the ground ; in ravines with plenty of wood there is comparatively little danger ; but in long grass and plains it is most hazardous work. If we had time to spare we might have some very good sport, but there would be little good in going out in the sun, without having previously heard of the *locale* of some wild animal or other. A party went to-day to look for a solitary bison, which had been seen some few miles off, but they returned unsuccessful, not having been able to find the animal they were in search of. After tiffin some of us went with one of the officers of the 16th to see the place. The fort occupies the whole of the top of a rock, which rises like an island out of the surrounding plain, or rather out of the surrounding hills, for it is not level enough to be called a plain. In length it is about one thousand yards by about five hundred in breadth ; and one may get a walk of something under two miles, certainly not more, round the lines. The views from some points are even now very fine, from their extent, the shape of the hills, and the scattered topes of trees and collections

of picturesque buildings which stand out of the rather burnt up looking country. After the rains, when the whole country is a mass of green, the panorama must be beautiful. At one of the angles is a postern gate, leading to a projecting spur of the hill, considerably lower than the remainder of the rock, on which formerly stood an outwork. The descent to this postern is curious, partly excavated, like a well with a flight of very steep steps leading into it, partly built up with masonry. From the spur one gets a fine view of two of the faces of the fort. A pivot gun formerly stood on a bastion just over the postern, but was quite unprotected by a parapet, so that the gun's crew would afford excellent marks for riflemen, for whom there would be capital cover behind a rock or an eminence two or three hundred yards distant. Near the descent to the postern, are a tank and a temple, the latter considered very holy, the guard over it is generally composed of sepoys of a high caste, out of regard to the prejudices of the men. Near the flagstaff, which is on a high bastion nearly over the principal gate of the fort,

is a huge gun, made in the time of Aurungzebe; it lies on a stone platform, without a carriage, and must weigh between eight and ten tons; sometime ago it was proposed to fire it, but the alarm the intention caused among the inhabitants of the town or pettah, which it overlooks, was so great, that from that and other causes the idea was abandoned. In one of the buildings in this fort, resides a Rajah of one of the small native states, a prisoner for life: his crimes were treason and murder, so that he may think himself lucky in being allowed to live anywhere; a clemency which, however, he is not supposed to appreciate. Colonel Duff of the 16th, has a fine specimen of the wild ass, caught some years ago in the run of Cutch, a great tract of sandy country lying to the northward. I never saw a better shaped or cleaner limbed animal, with a coat like a racehorse, but its temper seemed to me that of a demon; the object of its existence seemed to be to get a good kick at somebody, and not at all to my notion from playful motives. Its master said it was gentle enough with him, but neither he nor anybody else rides

it—a boy has once or twice mounted it, but soon got kicked off,—in colour it is of a reddish fawn about the back and neck, a well defined dark stripe along the back, and white belly and legs. In the evening it was settled that, as one of our party was not well, we should stop a day here, so we who were well, dined with the 16th—an excellent dinner, a pleasant set of men, and a good band, the best I have heard in India, the performers all natives, except the master who is a German, and who takes great interest in his charge.

*Saturday, March 29*—As we go along we keep receiving letters from various people to whom Mr Hamilton had written, offering assistance and suggesting alterations or ameliorations of our plan of proceeding. To day came one from Colonel Twemlow, the brigadier at Aurungabad, with a good many useful hints. The weather was of course hot, with a great deal of wind in gusts. We spent most of the day in the mess room reading the Quarterly Review and other periodicals. In the evening we all walked to the Hospital, which was once a mosque, and which being on nearly

the highest part of the rock, commands a fine view from its flat roof. It is a quaint old building, very solid and well built. There were but few sick. Cholera and small-pox are said to be going about more or less, but there were no cases in hospital of the former, and only a few children sick of the latter. These last live in tents outside of the fort, on a kind of temporary quarantine ground. The band was playing on the parade ground, and all the small society of Asseerghur out listening to it, some on horseback, some on foot, and one lady taking the air, and an apology for exercise, in a palankeen. This must be dull life, particularly for the ladies, who can have but little to do, but everybody appeared at all events to be contented and happy enough. I was surprised to hear that the quarter-mastership of the regiment made up the holder's pay to about five hundred pounds per annum. Not bad pay for a subaltern. After our walk we dined quietly at the mess. A chameleon was caught to day in the jungle and brought in to be looked at; the largest animal of the kind I ever saw, but

much the same in shape as the Syria or Asia Minor chameleons. The fort is a regular menagerie, for besides the wild ass, there are three young leopards, some nylghau and other beasts. The pariah dog who has attached himself to our party, in trying to snuff acquaintance with the nylghau, nearly fell into the clutches of the young leopards, which bask all day in the sun at the foot of a great tree to which they are chained.

*Sunday, March 30* —Up early. Walk down to the adjutant's quarters to have our early tea. It is an Indian custom, and a good one, to have a cup of tea soon after turning out, breakfast coming later, about ten o'clock. Tiffin which comes on rather close on the breakfast, as I think better omitted, but one does not always practise what one preaches. Service was performed in the commandant's quarters at eleven, the district clergyman reading and preaching. The clergyman has a long way to go, his regular residence being somewhere about one hundred and fifty miles away. He makes the tour of his district, to read, preach, marry, christen, &c., at stated times of the



year. The congregation consisted of about twenty persons, all officers, or sergeants and their wives, except one, a maiden lady, daughter of a certain brigadier who was commandant at the fort. Her mother was a native, and she inherited from her father a snug little property, consisting of nearly all the habitable buildings in the fort. Her life must be something like that of a cage-bird, for she seldom if ever leaves the place. We dismissed our old camel man with a present for himself and a note for Mr. Hamilton, and as soon as my palkee was repaired and our bearers assembled, we started our caravan off on the road to Borhampore, following when the sun went down on horses lent by some of the officers. After a deal of misinterpretation, we succeeded in making our bearers understand that we only wanted to reach Borhampore to-night, whereas what we really meant was to get them to take us twenty-four miles further on to Edullabad. However, it did not much signify, for when we came up with them at the tea place, where we had settled to meet them, we told them what we wanted, and they easily consented to go on.

The officers' horses were sent back in charge of the four or five suwars that had been sent thus far with us, and we jogged on through Borhampore, the outside of which we had just reached, when down came my palkee again, much to my annoyance but little to my surprise, and we had to retrace our steps, about two or three miles through the narrow streets of the town, to the residence of Captain Sneyd, who fortunately for us commands a force of the Gwalior contingent stationed here

*Monday, March 31* — We reached the residence of Captain Sneyd at about one this morning. He came out to see what the disturbance was, and after hearing of our accident, we all went to bed again, we, of course, in our palkees, and slept particularly comfortable until five o'clock. The early morning was very pleasant, the day, of course, hot, but no hot wind. Captain Sneyd's residence is a singular affair, once a pleasure house of some great native, and standing in an enclosure of some size, surrounded by a high brick wall. The building itself is very small, square, and roofed by four or five oval shaped domes, the whole building supported

by arches, which allow of a communication from one large tank to a smaller one, between which the house stands. Both tanks are now dry, but were formerly supplied with water from hills six or seven miles off, by aqueducts of considerable antiquity. Many of these aqueducts are now in ruins, but the town of Borhampore is still watered by one of them, which, however, stands greatly in need of repairs. Mr. Hamilton, under whom this part of Gwalior is placed, on account of its comparative propinquity to Indore, has lately appointed an officer to the duty of surveying and reporting on these aqueducts, with a view to the improvement of the supply of drinking water, and for the irrigation of the cultivated districts. Borhampore was once celebrated for its riches, and still shows signs of former magnificence. There are several mosques and temples, a large ruinous palace, and another old palace kept in tolerable repair for strangers to be lodged in. This last we did not see. The population of these Indian towns it is difficult to guess at, but, I believe, Borhampore has about 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. The principal trade is in gold-wire

manufacture, and in embroidery in that article on muslin. The stuff is in demand all over India, to make turbans of. They brought us some to look at, and in the evening as we passed through the town, we stopped to see some of the first processes of the wire making. It seemed simple and primitive enough. The silver is first beat out into long round sticks about half an inch in diameter, then gilt, and a pointed end poked through a hole in an iron plate, the hole made just large enough to be a very tight fit for the silver stick. A very simple purchase is then applied to the stick, which is thereby pulled through the hole, the process to be repeated with smaller holes until the stick is reduced to a wire size. The gold is so ductile that a bar of silver a foot or so in length is drawn into a considerable length of wire, all apparently as well covered with gold as when first pulled through. The old governor of Borhampore, a queer dry old chip with the singularity of a double thumb (a smaller one growing from the root of the real thumb of the right hand), had called during the day, and had good naturedly lent me his own palkee to take me on. It

seemed a rickety affair enough, but I secured it as best I could with the fastenings of the broken-down palkee and with sundry pieces of rope. The old palkee I left with Captain Sneyd to be got rid of at the best price possible. We left the captain's residence at a little before five, crossed the Tapti by a ford under the walls of the town, then looking very picturesque in the warm light of a gorgeous sunset, and proceeded through the town, on our way returning the governor's visit at his residence. He had got up a nautch in our honour, and received us in an open hall or court, a motley crowd of matchlock and spearmen drawn up as a guard, and a mob of townspeople crowding round. Our visit to the wire-manufactory had delayed us so long that it was dark when we reached the governor's house, and the court in which we were seated was, consequently, illuminated with torches, which added greatly to the picturesque effect of the scene. The nautch, as far as the dancing was concerned, was much the same as that we have seen at any of the durbars, consisting merely of movements of the feet and arms, the dancers paddling slowly about the room, marking the

time by the clashing of rings on their toes, and bangles on their ancles, and accompanying the movements by a monotonous chant. There were three women and an orchestra of three men, two playing violins, or some instruments of the kind, the third a small kind of drum. One of the women was rather good looking, and another, though *passée*, must have been handsome. About this last there was some story connected with a well known Indian political officer, through whom she was said to have possessed great influence in this part of India. The *dancers* were all dressed in voluminous folds of spangled muslin, with veils of the same, and there was nothing in the dress or the dancing that a bishop might not have seen without being scandalised. We stayed at the old gentleman's house for half an hour or so, and then left on our way to Edullabad. Captain Sneyd had accompanied us to the governor's house, and we parted after the visit, but he sent four suwars as far as Ajunteli with us, by way of escort, and to add a little dignity to our procession. We had to cross the Tapti a second time, four or five miles beyond the town, and

were not sorry to wash the dust down our throats with some of its delicious cold water. We had proposed to have tea there, but there was no fire-wood, so we did not stop long.

*Tuesday, April 1.*—The road to Edullabad is full of steep ascents and descents, I should think hardly practicable for any vehicle on wheels. Our caravan reached the bungalow at a little after six, and from the coolness of the morning we were able to take a stroll about, before the sun got hot. This bungalow is well situated on an eminence, a little way from the town, and is considered to be one of the coolest on this line of road. Edullabad itself is a considerable native village, with an old fort on the hill above it, from which, and from a neighbouring hill which I ascended, one gets a very extensive, and, in the morning light, a very pretty view, including the hills of and about Asseerghur, the buildings of which are plainly visible with a glass. A collection of tombs shaded with a few trees lies between the bungalow and the village, and the herds of cattle being driven out to feed would have made some pretty bits of rural sketches. It is not always quite

safe to walk near a herd of cattle in India. They are not unapt to run after you, and a crowd of stupid cows tumbling over one another in a rush, may do as much mischief as any mad bull. Some of these looked suspiciously at me as I went through the herds, but did no mischief. The pariah dog that joined our party some time ago, is still with us, but the stony road does not agree with him, and his feet are so sore, that the bearers have put him into linen boots, with which he seems to get on pretty well. The white pony has however picked up very much. Light work and plenty to eat, have made him quite fat and sleek, compared with what he was when he was added to our caravan. We had, at starting, in our commissariat department no less than seven pots of jam. How we came by so many, I don't quite know, but I believe that somebody had advised us to take some, as a good substitute for butter, and that each of us had bought what he intended should be enough for the whole party. It has not been much used, seeing that all we have yet opened was either bad or very nearly so. To-day we rejoiced in finding a good one, and celebrated



the event by eating nearly half of it. It certainly is a good thing to take, as it makes a good mess with rice and milk, and is considered a wholesome thing to eat with those articles. As usual, we remained all day in or about the bungalow, the suwars and their steeds forming a picturesque little encampment among the tombs and trees below, and the white pony crunching as much corn or biscuits as anybody would give him, as he stood tethered close to the bungalow. At about sunset we were once more in motion; two bearers we had engaged at Borhampore to carry some of the things I had had in my old palkee, but did not want to carry in my present one, previously deserting on the strength of having got me to give them a shilling more than their wages,—an opportunity which they thought too good to miss. However, their desertion signified little, for we got rid of a lot of empty bottles, &c., and distributed the load in their lieu among the other bearers. Our road was more stony but less dusty than it has lately been, pleasanter for us, but worse for the bearers. Some antelopes were feeding near the roadside as we passed. They took no

notice of us. There seems to be a good deal of cultivation in this neighbourhood, some of it cotton. The distance for to-night being only sixteen miles, we were at our destination, the bungalow of Bodur, at one A. M. of *Wednesday, April 2.*—A dâk bungalow, and a small village. Water seems scarce, at least it had to be brought from some little distance. The wells are, I suppose, low, owing to the little rain they had during the last wet season. There is a cotton-cleaning establishment here. One of the proprietors, an Englishman or American, told one of our party that he hoped the natives were gradually getting sensible of the necessity of having it well cleaned, but that it was difficult to persuade them of it. There was little or no wind to day, and the heat was very great, and I pitied an unfortunate Englishman, an official of some kind or other, connected, I fancy, with the road department, who had pitched his tent opposite the bungalow, and must have been half stewed therein. Tents are by no means cool places under an Indian sun. The Englishman was civil and very useful to us, in explaining to our bearers the exact place to which

we wanted to be conveyed, which however we hardly knew ourselves, as we had only a limited notion as to the relative distances of the caves of Ajunteh, our object, and Furdapore, where we believed the bungalow to be at which we expected to be lodged. Having a long march before us, Furdapore being put down in a list we have at twenty-seven miles from Bodur, we started early, while the sun was still some way above the horizon. About the outskirts of the village were some buffalo with the largest horns I ever saw on live animals of the kind. Some of the brutes did not appear to possess the best of tempers. There seems to be a trade here in basket-making, an enclosure we passed being full of half-made panniers, and of materials for others. Sugar and cotton are both grown in this neighbourhood, and our bearers almost all started with each a small store of the former cane for their own private consumption. Our road led across a great undulated plain, every now and then intersected by deep nullahs or water-courses, the hills of Ajunteh showing against the sky-line in front. Our bearers seemed fresh, but they thought fit to make

a long halt during the night, and these halts are so pleasant, the sleep one gets during them so refreshing, that one is quite sorry when they end. However, either the long halt, or the sugar cane, or some other inspiration, made the men so lively, that my palkee and one of the others had a race, to the unspeakable terror and alarm of the inmates, who knew well that a trip or a collision would bring ruin upon both vehicles. Luckily neither occurred. At day break however of *Thursday April 3*, we were still nearly an hour's journey from Furdapore, which we did not reach until rather late, i. e., near seven o'clock. We had thought of making at once for the caves, which were, we thought, two miles or so from Furdapore, but finding that the distance was four or five miles, and it being late for going that distance in the sun, we availed ourselves of the offer of Captain Gill (an officer stationed at Ajunteh for the purpose of exploring the caves), and occupied his bungalow here for the day. His residence is at the village of Ajunteh, which is also three or four miles from the caves, but he has a small bungalow here also. Another note arrived

from the Commandant at Aurungabad, (announcing his having sent a tent, &c., to Bunkinollah where there is no bungalow, also a basket of capital grapes, which were very acceptable). A native officer also came with an offer of horses to take us to the caves, or an elephant, if we should prefer that mode of conveyance. The horses were of course chosen, and ordered for four o'clock. The day was passed in the same way as our other bungalow days have been passed, dozing, reading, scribbling, and eating. Our Mussulman servant came in, looking very seedy, and declaring that the bearers had bumped him sorely during the night, and at last tumbled him out of his dooly. He pretended to be much hurt, but recovered speedily when we proposed paying him his wages and leaving him behind. The fact is, we travel much faster than he expected us to do. Furdapore is a native village clustered round an old fort, with a good deal of evergreen timber about it: on the whole a pretty situation, at the foot of the hills. After dinner, some bright genius among us struck out the idea that as our stay at the caves would necessarily be

short, we should make the most of our time and sleep there, so as not to lose time in going to and fro between them and the village. Accordingly the suwars seeming to agree to the plan, we made up a basket of provisions, that is tea materials, and taking each a blanket, started at half past four on the suwars horses, escorted and guided by a couple of the suwars themselves. The entrance to the valley in which the caves are situated is about a mile and a half from the village. It is about half a mile wide at the entrance, but gradually narrows to merely the width of the stream, now dry, except a few pools here and there, the road rough, but perfectly rideable, and the sides of the valley steep, stony, and covered with brushwood, a good deal of it lately burnt, in some places still on fire, and everywhere having a burnt and dried up appearance. The depth of the valley to the summits of the hills on either side is about seven or eight hundred feet and the character of the scenery at this time of year is wild and gloomy, though not particularly picturesque. Proceeding up the valley for two or three miles, a sudden turn brings you in sight of the caves. They

are all close together, those at either end of the row not being more than five or six hundred yards apart, and they are all on the left bank of the stream. The cliff in which they are situated is nearly semi-circular, the valley taking a considerable bend here, and the caves are on the concave side of the bend. The height of the cliff is about three hundred feet, but a third of that is not perpendicular, from the accumulation of rubbish and *débris*, dug out of the caves or fallen from above. The excavations are not all on the same level, but vary in altitude from one to two thirds of the whole height of the cliff. A little beyond, the valley ends abruptly in a steep precipice, down which in the wet season the torrent rushes with great violence. Now no water is seen there, except some pools on three different ledges, but the marks of the action of water are plain enough. That in the pools is said to be never dried up, and always extremely cold. I can fancy the scene here very pleasant when the leaves are out. Now it is wild and savage in the extreme. We were joined here by a native, who announced himself in English as Captain Gill's assistant, and showed us

where to get water, as well as the best cave to sleep in, &c. Before it got dark, we took a scamper through the caves to get as good a general idea of them as time would allow, intending to take a more careful survey in the morning. I rather expected to have found them larger than they appeared to be. None of them seemed to me more than forty or fifty feet deep, and the roofs are generally low. It is supposed that they were once almost entirely covered with paintings, many of which still remain, and are in a much higher style of art than any at present known to the natives of India. All the caves are Buddhist, and the dates of their construction are supposed to have been from the years 100 B. C., to A. D. 900 or 1000. It is evident, even to a casual observer, that some are much older than others. A journal of a former traveller who spent some days here, and who, I suppose, got some information from Captain Gill, says that there are twenty seven caves, which may be divided into two classes, the Vihara or monasteries, and the Chaitya or places of worship. The former consists of a verandah and an inner hall, which last, if of any



size, is supported by pillars forming a colonnade round it, and with sleeping-places or niches cut into the walls. In a recess at the back is a great figure of Budhoo. The latter are loftier, with arched ceilings, narrow in front, but with comparatively lofty arched entrances, and at the inner end a huge dome-topped block of stone called the dagoba. In these caves there is generally a kind of small side aisle, and the columns, wall, and roof seem to have been once covered with paintings done on stucco. However of all this we saw but little this evening. The sun set not long after our arrival, and in the narrow, deep valley, darkness was not long in following. We got together a good quantity of firewood, lit a great fire near where the horses were picketed, the ascent being too steep for them to be got into any of the caves, and another near the mouth of the cave we had selected for our lodgings, into which our native friend had got a table and a chair or two, which had been left with Captain Gill's painting materials. The fire near the horses was to be tended all night by one of the suwars, and was intended to keep off panthers or other wild animals,

which are said to abound in the neighbourhood, but of which we heard nothing during the night; the other fire gave us light and boiled the tea-kettle. After tea we sat in front of the cave for some time chatting: about nine we all turned in, or rather on, for we had no beds. A folded blanket and a pillow laid in a small alcove, surrounded by quantities of little Budhoos, a great ugly ghostly piece of sculpture in the background, looking in the fitful light of the fire every now and then as if he had moved, were my bed and bed-room, and, the mosquitos not being troublesome, I slept, as I believe we all did very well. The caves have the sun full upon them during so much of the day that they are not really cool, even at night, except just before daylight, when the night air has had time to act.

## CHAPTER X.

Revisit the Caves—Ajuntch—Similarity of Indian Architecture to Spanish—Bunkinollah—Caves of Elora—Substitution of the Hindoo Mythology for that of Budhoo—Projected Translation of the Delhi Population to Roza—Dowlutabad—Paper-making—Hill Forts—The Nizam's Army—Physical Endurance of the Natives—Toha Bungalow—Ahmednuggur—The Garrison.

*Friday, April 6.*—We were all, of course, afoot at daylight, and away through the caves again. The paintings were, of course, more visible than they were last night: they represent not only stories connected with the mythology of the country, but scenes of every-day life, and it is curious to see how much the costume and appearance of the figures represented resemble those of the present day. The execution is immensely superior to any modern Indian performance, but to study the various paintings would require much more time than we have to spare. One opinion about them is that they are of Egyptian origin, and it is curious that

many of the patterns on the ceilings are exact counterparts of some still existing in certain temples in Egypt. Moreover history, or tradition, relates that about the time these temples or caves were made (I only state what I was told) some Egyptians were driven into Persia, whence they might easily have got to India. So much for the paintings, which stand a fair chance of being really well shown to the public whenever Captain Gill's admirable drawings of them appear. Among the sculptures (much of which is very curious and interesting), I was pleased with a frieze on the front of one of the first caves one comes to. It represents men, elephants, horses, and other animals in various groups and different attitudes, very correctly, and with great spirit. The gait and appearance of the elephants, particularly, are uncommonly well represented. Of course, in so hurried a run through the caves, we had not time for more than a very cursory glance at the objects most worth seeing, and I much regretted the absence of any one who could tell us what was really most worth a comparatively close examination. Much yet remains to be done here.

Captain Gill has been five years at work and has still much to do. Every washing brings some new painting to light. There are inscriptions which are believed to be comparatively modern but which nobody can decipher. Some people think the caves much older than is generally supposed, and imagine they belong to the very earliest period of Buddhism. In fact, Ajuntah is a strange and mysterious place, about which we know little and are likely to know little more, but which I should have liked to have seen a great deal more of. After brewing and drinking a cup of tea, we took our departure at about seven o'clock, as to have remained later would have given us more of the hot sun than we wanted. The suwars had promised to show us a short cut across the mountains which would have reduced our ride by about half, but they missed the turn and took us the longer road. Probably we should have taken as much or more time by the short route, for the regular road, though here and there rough and stony, was generally good enough to allow us to canter over it. Part of it was undergoing a thorough repair, and being regularly

macadamised as it appeared Ajunteh is, by this road, about five miles from the caves, and is a good sized place, surrounded by high battlemented walls, and boasting a handsome mosque and large serai, or native inn In the mosque it is said that the Duke of Wellington wrote his dispatch after the battle of Assaye An old fellow about the place pretends to recollect the Duke, and the tombs of some of the officers who fell in the action, or who died here afterwards from their wounds, are visible just beyond the gate of the town I believe we saw them as we passed, but not knowing what they were we did not take any particular notice of them, and it was too hot afterwards to go all the way through the town to look at them As we entered the town some great man or other was leaving it, with a numerous suite of servants, trumpeters, foot and horsemen, all of whom, however, made way for us without the smallest difficulty, and looked at us with some small curiosity Our own "tail" was encamped, grey pony, dog and all, at the gate of the town, but we found our palkees and baggage at our destination, the house of Captain Gill, which we

reached by eight o'clock. The owner himself did not at first appear, but that did not prevent us from making ourselves perfectly at home in his residence. We soon discovered sundry basins, and a bathing room, with plenty of water, and got a good wash, very refreshing after our ride. Our host made his appearance before breakfast. He has very lately returned from a shooting expedition, and reports that there are not a few tigers in the neighbourhood. I wish we had time for a *battue*. However, under circumstances, that is out of the question. The house we are in is admirably situated. It was formerly a pavilion or pleasure-house of some great man, and consisted of merely a group of open arches supporting a kind of cupola. Some of these arches have been filled up with brickwork so as to form the necessary apartments, others left open, and a verandah built, which last overlooks a very deep nullah, on the banks of which the building is placed. The nullah terminates opposite the verandah, in a great rocky precipice, down which now trickles a little stream (in the rains a furious torrent), which afterwards runs down the valley of the caves. In

the bason formed below, one hundred and fifty feet or so in depth, are some deep pools which are said to be never entirely dried up, and which furnish all the washing and some of the drinking water of the place. A pointed arch gateway with castellated walls standing on the brink of the precipice helps out the picture, which is further enlivened by the groups of people about the pools, and it altogether makes one of the most pleasing views I have seen. It reminds me rather of one of Lewis's sketches of the Alhambra. In the distance is a small hill, on which, or about which, a tiger is known to have taken up his quarters. The day was passed in reading newspapers, of which our host has some of dates we had not seen, and in looking over some of his very clever drawings of the sculptures, &c., of the caves. The work he has undertaken seems to be one of no trifling magnitude, and every time a washing of any part of the caves takes place, some new discovery is made, so that it is impossible to say when the labours may come to an end. It is curious how many of the representations of manners and customs of some thousand years ago might be



representations of those of the present day. After dinner we went to the mosque which is close to Captain Gill's. It is the same style as those of Delhi and Agra, three rows of pointed arches opening to a court on one side, the building covered with chunam instead of being built of marble. The chunam is almost as hard, smooth and durable as the marble. When we had seen the mosque it was time to start again. One of our principal bearers came with a long face to announce that another bearer had been taken ill, that the sick man was his brother, and that he hoped to be allowed to remain with and take care of him. It was rather a bore, as the petitioner was active and intelligent, had made himself useful in many ways, and the relationship to the sick man was probably a fiction. However we could not well refuse the man, who provided a substitute, so we paid him his wages and a liberal baksheesh, and dismissed him well satisfied, the white pony remaining behind also. Leaving Ajunteh by a well-constructed bridge, we marched on through a jungly, dried-up looking country, for a couple of hours, halting seven miles

on, near a small village for our tea, and the bearers usual rest. I had walked thus far, and intended to have taken it easy afterwards in the palkee, but I had hardly got a couple of miles on, when the rotten old pole of the Borhampore palkee snapped, and down I went. Between us we patched it up again with sticks and rope, but it only carried me a mile or so when down it came again, this time a more complete fracture than before, so I had to walk during the remainder of the night, and was not sorry, at half past six of *Saturday, April 5*, to reach Bunknollah, where we found a tent pitched, and provisions and servants awaiting us, sent out by Brigadier Twemlow, the Commandant at Aurungabad. After doing justice to the Commandant's good things, I was glad to turn into my palkee, and to make up for lost time in the sleeping way. Dozed till near noon, then turned out, had a bath which the dusty road had rendered by no means unnecessary, and then stewed away in the tent all day. I did not feel it particularly hot, though the thermometer was at one time as high as 99°, and

averaged  $94^{\circ}$  inside the tent. Our halting-place at Bunkinollah is merely a small village and a mud fort, with a fine tope of trees near it, and a good deal of timber about. There is no dāk bungalow, but Colonel Twemlow's kindness had provided against any discomfort which might have arisen from that, by sending the tent and the other requisites, besides which there was a corporal's guard of sepoy, and five or six suwars. The former received us with presented arms on our arrival at the tent. The usual hour saw us under way again, with a long march before us, which I thought I should get over more easily and quickly on a camel than by walking and taking an occasional turn in my companions' palkees, while they walked. I certainly got over the ground much more quickly, but the camel's saddle had not been intended for two, (the animal having been sent out only to precede us, and to announce our coming,) so that the ride was about the most fatiguing and tiresome that I ever took. We started at six o'clock, and did not reach Roza till about one o'clock in the morning, (*Sunday, April 6.*)

having lost our way once or twice, and nearly tumbled over, camel and all, in the rough and broken ground. The distance between the two places is, I believe, about thirty miles, the country generally level, but here and there undulated and cut up by nullahs, the descent into and ascent out of which are very steep for camel riding in the dark. Most of the streams which formed the nullahs are now dry, but we got some water out of one or two of them, and enjoyed it much. The hot, dry wind makes one uncommonly thirsty. However nothing could have been more delicious than the bottle of cold (really cold) soda water, which I got when at last I did get to Roza. I found Brigadier Twemlow sleeping on a sofa in his bungalow, an old Mohammedan tomb surrounded by a walled court. Our greeting was short, for I was but too glad to lie down on another sofa for a few hours' sleep, and I suppose the Brigadier was not sorry to resume his slumbers, which I had interrupted. The remainder of our party came up at about six o'clock, the Brigadier having gone out to meet them with horses and an elephant. After the

usual morning's cup of tea, we started for the caves of Ellora, which are hard by. Roza itself is a very curious place, abounding in proofs of former greatness, though they do not present themselves at first to a mere casual observer. Among many stories and traditions relating to it, is a curious one preserved by the Mohammedans, though not known to exist in any of their written works. It is, that a princess of the Deccan, or as I believe it should be spelt Dukkûn, went from here to visit Solomon. Now the ancient name of Roza was Subha. Is it not therefore possible, not to say probable, that this princess may have been the Queen of Sheba? Hiram and Solomon had ships on the Red Sea in those days, and traders probably came to India. It is not at all impossible that they should have persuaded a princess of the country to accompany them back to the court of Solomon. At all events, it is rather a pleasant idea that one is on the spot where the wise Queen reigned, and whence she started on her voyage. The plateau on which Roza stands is about seven hundred feet higher than the plain of Nassuck,

which lies directly below, from the plateau rise several hills, some insulated, others connected. A wall, remains of which are still in existence, appears to have run round these hills, enclosing nearly the whole of the top of the plateau, and is supposed to have contained sufficient ground to allow of grain being grown for the support of the garrison. In many places the rock round the top of the plateau seems to have been scarped, though it is doubtful whether this was done by the hand of man or whether it is a natural formation. Some people, however, who have studied the subject, are inclined to believe that Dowlutabad, which is eight miles from Roza, was one of its outworks. If so, the queen of Sheba had a capital somewhere about five times the size of London. The famous caves of Ellora are situated along the face of the hill looking to the westward, and are consequently much cooler in the early morning than they are at a later time of day. It would take volumes to describe them, and even then I doubt if anything like a correct idea of them could be formed. With many of the principal sculptures I felt

almost familiar, from drawings I had seen of them, but I was not at all prepared for the appearance of the Kylas. This can hardly be called a cave. It was a cave once dedicated to Budhoo, but was what they now call 'extricated' from the rock by the Brahmins; that is, the cave was cut down into, leaving an enormous mass in the centre, which was then itself cut into, carved and ornamented in the most wonderful manner. No drawing, that I recollect seeing, gives the least idea of its general appearance. Much of the carving is grotesque, and not a little excessively obscene. In fact, there is little doubt but that the Brahmins often used this cave for any purposes but those of devotion. In many places, the statues of Budhoo have been altered to suit the Hindoo mythology. In others Buddhist images have been removed, and their places either left vacant, or Hindoo images substituted. In one place there is a curious piece of sculpture, representing the construction of Adam's bridge, (the connection between Ceylon and the main land). Monkeys are bringing the stones which Humaioom is

placing The attitudes of the monkeys are absurdly like life, though the sculpture is a good deal the worse for exposure to the air. A pendant to this work of art is a representation of a battle The period in which the battle was fought is unknown, but the supposition is, that the sculpture relates to an action between the Medes and some nation whose existence was prior to that of the Persians It is roughly executed, but is not without a certain amount of spirit in the figures Where the stone failed them, the Brahmins have added other stone, and their workmanship was so good that the joining is scarcely anywhere perceptible A curious feature in the sculptures is, that the men are never represented with beards, except some which appear in the character of prisoners The others have neither beards nor mustachios As at Ajunteh, these caves were formerly ornamented with paintings, but thanks to Aurungzebe there are hardly any vestiges of them left What little does appear leaves one little to regret in the loss of the remainder, for it seems that the Brahmins thought fit to cover



the ancient painting of all with their own clever performances, about equal to the beautiful specimens of art one sees drawn on the walls now-a-days in India, a faint idea of which may be formed, by supposing them to be a good deal worse than anything ever perpetrated by idle schoolboys at home. Of the original painting, but one piece is known to remain, and that seems in a fair way to be lost. It is on the ceiling of a vestibule of the Kylas, and is merely a small fragment representing a couple of elephants' heads, and some pattern work. The animals are very good, and the colours have that hard enamelled look that is seen in the paintings discovered at Pompeii. It is supposed that this piece of painting was saved by the coat with which the Brahmins had covered it, the heat of the fire not having been sufficient to destroy more than the first coat. The story goes, that Aurungzebe had lodged his wives in one of the painted temples, that during the night a quantity of bats began to fly about, whereat the ladies were greatly frightened, that they gave an alarm, and declared that the souls of the people

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represented in the paintings had come out to annoy them, and that Aurungzebe had therefore ordered the destruction of the paintings by means of large fires lighted in each cave. His zeal for destruction had been previously shown at Futtypore Sier, and other places. Among the other remarkable caves we visited are the Carpenters, and the Doomar Leyna. The former derives its name from a colossal statue which it contains. It represents a man in a sitting posture, with what looks like a long bandage hanging from his finger. The Brahmin history of it is, that it is the statue of a carpenter, who cut his finger while at work at the construction of the caves, an operation which only lasted one night. For a spiritual carpenter he must have been clumsy. This cave is arched, and has the daghoba like the caves of Ajuntah. Its roof is ribbed with stone, resembling the interior of the hull of a ship, capsized. The Doomar Leyna is, I suppose, the largest cave of any, and next to the Kylas, the best sight of them all. It is not, however, of so much interest to antiquarians, as it is of much more recent date

than many of the others. It contains, however, some of the most celebrated groups of sculpture, most of which have been drawn by former travellers. A steep flight of steps now worn or broken away, once led from this cave to what it is supposed was the surface of the water, the idea being that when the excavations were made, the plain below was one great lake, and that the caves were placed on the edge of it. The said plain would often be the better for a small portion of the water again, at the present day. That it was well watered in former times is evident, from the number of large tanks which exist in the neighbourhood, most of them of a much more recent date than that of the construction of the caves, though still so ancient that the name of the maker is generally known only by tradition. The situation of Roza was considered so good in former days, that Mohammed Tugluk tried twice to transfer the whole population of Delhi there; but the perverse people did not like it, and the plan seems to have been a failure. This same shah, when he was liard up for money, hit upon a bright idea, which may be recommended

to all financiers as a substitute for paper money. He coined copper rupees and silver mohurs, silvering the one, and gilding the other, and ordering that each should pass for the coin it was supposed to represent. Many of these coins are now found by the cultivators. Besides the antiquities, there are some tombs of Mohammedan saints here, which bear a high reputation for sanctity among the natives, but we had neither time nor any particular wish to see them. We stayed as long among the caves as the sun would let us, and then returned on the elephant up the hill to the bungalow, where the day was spent as usual. I amused myself by making friends with the Brigadier's elephant, a good-tempered, quiet beast which they had fastened to a post just outside the gate of the court. It seemed pleased at being noticed, and returned the attention by feeling all over my face with its trunk. During dinner, the "Home News" of the 7th of March arrived. Quick work—from England to Ellora in a month. News, little of any interest. There was a sensible difference in the heat of the wind

up here from what we had found it down in the plain. In the evening we walked down to the Kylas again; it grows upon one with one's better acquaintance with it I think, and looked grand and solemn in the evening light, and in the moonlight which surprised us sitting there. One can imagine the gorgeous spectacles of which it may have been the theatre in the time of the splendour of the Indian emperors. We rode back up the hill on horses or on the elephant, and were back by eight o'clock, all wishing we had time to devote a few days more to the wonders of Ellora. All hands to bed early, I on a sofa, which is cooler and longer than my rotten old palkee; the others to sleep in their palkees.

*Monday, April 7.*—Up at two, and off for Dowlutabad, which we are to see on our way to Aurungabad. The Brigadier and I went on the elephant, the others in their palkees. Thank Heaven I have seen the last of the latter mode of travelling, for from Aurungabad we can get carriage conveyance to Bombay. Our road leads through the little town of Rozn (*alias* Rowzah),

which is built principally of the stones of the ancient city, and is consequently more solid than the generality of the towns of the same size in these parts. Aurungzebe's tomb is here, but it was too dark when we passed to make out more than a mass of buildings standing a little way off the road. An old gateway in the Saracenic style, built in the time of Mahomedan rule, forms the entrance to this side of Roza, passing which, we got into the open country. It was of course still dark, and a torch bearer preceded the elephant to show her the way. She was excessively careful, and whenever the torch went out, which occurred once or twice, owing to the high wind, she felt her way with her trunk, rather slow work, but that signified little, as the howdah was very comfortable, and we did not want to reach the descent above Dowlutabad before dawn. At a small village which we passed, the inhabitants were already busy at their trade of paper making. They manufacture a coarse kind of paper with a very rude machine, the operation apparently a very noisy one, for one heard it at a great distance. By daybreak

we found ourselves at the head of the ghaut leading to the plain, and overlooking a very deep ravine, in which are remnants of a large dyke used to form a reservoir, partly for irrigation purposes, partly for the supply of the fortress of Dowlutabad which here also comes in sight. This dyke is one of the many remnants of the works of the Mahommedan age, which, with those of a much earlier period, cover the whole plateau of Roza. The view of Dowlutabad from this point is very striking. It is an insulated sugar-loaf shaped rock, about seven hundred feet in height, crowned with buildings, and the base surrounded by gardens and houses, from among which rises a tall minaret built by the Mahommedans in commemoration of the taking of the fortress. This minaret is rather dilapidated, but very graceful in shape: of its three galleries only one remains, and that in not the very best condition. The fortress must once have been very strong, but is not considered so at present, and is allowed to be held by the Nizam on whose territories we are. The garrison consists of a few of his sepoy, and no one is allowed to

enter except with a pass from the Commandant at Aurungabad. Even with that, all persons are obliged to deposit their arms at the gate. Even the orderlies who accompanied us, the Aurungabad Commandant's own escort and part of the Nizam's contingent, deposited their arms, and we had to wait some little time, before they would open the outer gate for us. The town at the foot of the rock is enclosed by high battlemented walls, and contains a number of gardens, in which grapes of excellent quality are grown. The only entrance to the fort itself is protected by a wall and bastions, on one of which lies a huge dismounted brass gun, of about eight inches bore, and the outside covered with inscriptions. But the most curious part of Dowlutabad is the entrance. The whole circumference of the rock for a height of one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, is scarped almost perpendicularly down to the ditch, which is filled with water. Crossing the ditch by a small bridge you enter a subterranean passage which winds upwards through the rock, here and there lighted from outside, but generally so dark as to require



torches, and which brings you to the top of the scarp. This passage was formerly furnished, here and there, with trap-doors or gratings, one of which still remains. On this one, a huge fire was to be kindled to prevent any enemy who might have got into the passage from forcing the trap-door up; and a great bar of iron, which still remains, served as a poker to stir the fire, the blaze of which was further assisted by a draught of air which rushed through a hole made in the rock close by. I can fancy an enemy in this rat-hole of a passage below, getting extremely warm after a few minutes of this combustion. After leaving the shaft, you find the top of the rock covered with buildings, some of which might make rather pleasant residences. Scattered about, too, are small patches of cultivated ground, on which excellent grapes are grown. On the highest part of the rock stands a tower, on which they have mounted an immense long gun, eighteen feet or so in length, and having the bore of an eighteen or twenty-four pounder. It is, however, not a very formidable engine, for its carriage is very dilapidated, and its vent not

so very much smaller than its bore The Nizam's flag floats raggedly alongside this gun, and a fine panorama is visible from its position Against anything but artillery, Dowlutabad must be very strong, and even that could not do the garrison much injury, as they would have plenty of places to retire to, but as a fortress it is now little more than useless, for it commands nothing and could be blockaded with a very small force It is pretty well supplied with water, which trickles through the rock, and is caught in a large tank half way down Altogether, Dowlutabad is one of the most curious places I ever saw Having seen it and Asseerghur, I fancy we have seen the two most curious hill forts in the country When we got down again, we made a liberal trial of the quality of the grapes, and then we all started for Aurungabad, the brigadier and I on horseback, the others in their palkees Half way, we exchanged our horses for a covered carriage the brigadier had ordered out to meet us, and we *reached his bungalow, a very comfortable residence,* by eight o'clock, the distance from Dowlutabad being about nine miles The morning's work had

pretty well sharpened all our appetites, and we did considerable justice to the breakfast, at which we were joined by some of the officers of the contingent quartered here. As usual in India, the cantonment is at some distance from the native town of Aurungabad. The only thing worth looking at in it is the tomb of Aurungzebe's daughter, a poor imitation of the Tâj Mehal of Agra. It is visible from a considerable distance, overlooking the plain. We dined at four, and in the evening strolled about the place. There was some difficulty in getting our traps forwarded, for here our bearers from Agra leave us, and we take to bullock-carts, which have been sent to meet us from Ahmednuggur. To lighten the baggage department, a further sacrifice of garments had to be made; so that, on arriving at Bombay, we shall be ready for the new fashions, I think. After all, our traps were not ready to start at dark. They are to precede us, by bearers, to Ahmednuggur, as the carts will not hold them all.

*Tuesday, April 8th.*—The brigadier showed us part of his force to-day—two or three troops of irregular cavalry, a battery of field artillery, consisting

of three six-pounders, and a howitzer, drawn by bullocks, and detachments of two regiments of infantry, all belonging to the Nizam's contingent. The irregulars looked remarkably well, and dashed about in fine style, kicking up a tremendous dust. A charge, which they executed with loud shouts, was very rapid and picturesque. We spectators were nearly swept away with it, and were obliged to take refuge among the guns, which we had just time to do. One of the officers had mounted me on a particularly pleasant bay Arab, unbroken, but perfectly quiet and good tempered. The regiment we were shown is supposed to be one of the finest in India, and is almost the property of one man, the head native officer of it, as he owns nearly every horse, and almost every man is a dependant of his. The Mahometan natives are said to like nothing better than to belong to a regiment of irregulars. Their religion forbids them to lay their money out at interest, so they invest it in horses and equipments, for which they receive compensation from government, besides the unutterable satisfaction of being allowed to vapour about in a gay uniform on

horseback. The chief in question was mounted on a very showy grey horse, and it was difficult, at a short distance, to tell him from the European officers. These last wear the same uniform as the men, with, of course, the usual differences as to finer materials. I thought it very handsome: a dark green frock coat, of the cut worn by the natives, breeches and jack-boots, a turban-like cap of gold brocade, and the neck bare. It appeared to me a handsome and serviceable dress, but the officers complained that the full dress was very expensive. One told me that, as he stood in it, without horse or horse-gear, he had 150*l.* on his back—more, I should think, than any show cavalry anywhere. The uniform they appeared in to-day—the undress, I believe—was quite handsome enough for any army. One great merit of these irregulars is the facility with which they move. There is a tattoo, or pony, to every two men, which carries the worldly goods of the owners. The order comes out to march: tent, bag, and baggage go on the pony, and in an hour or two the regiment is away, perhaps on a march of a thousand miles. The troops went

through the various manœuvres of a field day with, as far as I could judge, great precision, and by sunrise were dismissed to their quarters, we, of course, also returning to ours. There was some difficulty experienced in scraping up a sufficient number of rupees, in hard cash, wherewith to pay our Agra bearers. However, by dint of the brigadier's exertions, that was at length accomplished, the native bazaar merchants furnishing the needful, and we settled with our men, apparently much to their satisfaction. To the head bearer we gave a certificate, and ten rupees over and above his wages, to the remainder a collective certificate and one rupee extra each, with which they seemed well satisfied. Our servant, too, who had done pretty well and not, we believe, cheated us very much, got a certificate and a few extra rupees, besides the reversion of a lot of empty bottles, jam pots, and other small ware which he seemed to covet. Well, I am glad to have done with palkee travelling. I don't know that there is any less agreeable mode of conveyance, but if disagreeable for the carried, what must it be for the carrier? To a "green hand" it

looks quite incomprehensible how those six, or even four, thin, small-limbed men, who grunt and groan, and stagger along as if the next step would certainly be their last, can possibly mean to carry a great fourteen-stone European in a heavy box, with a bed, pillows, pair of pistols, half-a-dozen of soda-water, a brandy-bottle, and a heap of odds and ends, for a distance of several miles. There is, of course, a good deal of knack in it, but there must also be a considerable amount of endurance and bodily strength applied. At Calcutta, I heard of a race between four sailors and four bearers, each set carrying a man in a palkee, the distance being from Calcutta to Barrackpore, fourteen miles. Jack won, but the unfortunate man in the palkee got uncommonly tossed about, and the sailors were regularly fagged, while the bearers were quite comparatively fresh. At least, such was the account I heard of the race. We all left our palkees here, except G.; mine to go back with a new pole to its owner at Borhampore, the others to be sold, with what we have left behind, for the benefit of the poor fund at Aurungabad, for which they realised a very tolerable

sum About nine we left our hospitable quarters—I in one bullock cart, L and O in another, we having tossed up which should have the advantage of a cart to himself Grosvenor, not feeling very well travelled in his palkee, in which he thinks he shall sleep better than in a cart

*Wednesday, April 9*—We reached the bungalow at Toka at half past four, after a very jolty drive However I found it all things considered, a not uncomfortable mode of proceeding as compared with palkee travelling The others, however, who had only half a cart each, were not nearly so well off, and Grosvenor, who has a disagreeable attack of bronchitis, complains of the noise his bearers made during the journey They came however very fast Toka is a large village on the Godavery river, which is here crossed by a single wire rope passing over a pier on either bank, intended I suppose to facilitate the crossing by means of boats in the rainy season In the verandah was a half dead scorpion undergoing slow murder by an army of ants As Grosvenor did not seem to mend, we settled that the other two



should start for Ahmednuggur early, so as to have a doctor ready on the arrival of Grosvenor, who was to leave with me at about the usual time. They accordingly started at about one, we following them at five. Our road leads up the right bank of the Godavery (without crossing that river), through a flat and stony country. The people are a much finer race than those we have lately been among, well-built athletic-looking men, with a more independent and less servile air than most other Indians. We went on very well all night, without any more serious incident than the tilting of the cart backwards once, setting me on my head for a minute or two—a rather rough mode of awaking one, and a little before daybreak, after a long ascent of a steep ghaut, we reached Imaum Poora, where a fresh set of bearers met the palkee, and by half-past-seven we were at Ahmednuggur, for shortness always called Nuggur, forty miles from Toka. Our avant-couriers had found out the doctor's quarters, which are at some distance, and he had kindly arranged to lodge as well as to doctor Grosvenor, so he went there at once. In

the evening (*Thursday, 10th*), we settled our plans, Leveson and Oliphant go on to Bombay, I remain with Grosvenor and put up also at the doctor's until he is well enough to go on, which we hope he will be, in time to go by the steamer of the 17th. Ahmednuggur is the head quarters of the Bombay Artillery, who are well lodged in large detached buildings, on the edge of a spacious parade ground, the officers bungalows standing behind, each in its own little garden. There is little to see in the place itself, except the old fort and the arsenal contained therein. The fort is a fine specimen of the castellated style, and would, I fancy, be tolerably strong against anything but a regular siege. It was taken, if I recollect right, in 1799. The arsenal is not very large, but is beautifully arranged, and contains a quantity of old guns and other arms, some of them very curious, besides an extensive collection of models of engines for more modern warfare, for the use and instruction of the younger officers. Among the guns are an eighteen pounder, twenty two feet long, which was taken here, and a mortar which throws a stone shot weighing five

hundred and sixty pounds. This last was found in a field at Seroor. Among the smaller curiosities I noticed two beautiful barrels belonging to wall pieces, once the property of Indian chiefs of note, and the model of a carriage for transporting the great gun of Bejapore, which weighs forty-two tons, and is supposed to be the largest piece of ordnance in the world. It is reported that it is intended to remove this gun to England—an awkward fellow to move about. In the native town of Nuggur, there is little or nothing to see except the people themselves. A great luxury here is the splendid band of the artillery, upwards of forty strong. I never heard better military music anywhere than their performance. The force present at head-quarters just now is not very strong, only one horse battery, and one or two bullock batteries, all nine-pounders and twenty-four-pound howitzers. The horse artillery (distinct from the horse batteries), have their head-quarters at Poonah, and have six-pounders and twelve-pound howitzers. On Sunday I went with Brigadier Reid, who commands here, to the cantonment church. The congregation was composed of

couse of the military, their families and the few civilians of the place. The troops marched to church headed by the band, which however did not march them back again. The reason of that was, that half the band (and many of the men) were Roman Catholics. The band having marched the men to church, separates, the Catholics going off to their own chapel, and as their service is over before the Protestant one, they are allowed to go off to their barracks at once, instead of marching about outside the church in the sun, waiting for the troops to come out—a sensible and considerate arrangement. A Roman Catholic church is under process of construction, close to the Protestant church, which it bids fair to throw into the shade, and the Brigadier has been blamed by some for allowing it to be so near, but I think him quite right, as so many of his men are Roman Catholics and subscribed largely to the building, and it would be hard to oblige them to go a long distance to church when circumstances would allow of their having the church close by—no small consideration in India. The men looked in excellent feather, and

are healthy, very few being in hospital. Thanks to the doctor's skill and attention, Grosvenor was well enough to proceed by Sunday evening the 13th, when we started for Bombay in a phaeton. Some enterprising Parsees have established this mode of conveyance between this and Bombay, and placed regular relays of horses along the road, which is rough, but good enough for the country. With a couple of horses we got over the ground at a rate of between six and seven miles an hour, and the carriages are not uncomfortable. They have however the fault of taking but little luggage. As usual, we started at sunset and travelled all night, through a rather pretty country, as far as one could judge in the moonlight.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Plain of Poonah—Khandalla—Transit of Merchandise by Bullock Carts—Steamer to Bombay—Bamboo Houses—The Parsees—Out of door Dinner—Malabar Point—Similarity of Scenery to the Bay of Naples—Lion Hunting superior to Tiger Shooting—Take our Passage in the “Sesostris” Steamer—The Passengers—Arrival at Aden—Description of Aden.

By a little after daybreak (*Monday, 14th,*) we were at Kirkee, the cantonment of H M. 10th Hussars, where we put up, at the house of one of the officers, a fellow-passenger of ours in the “Ripon” and “Haddington.” Poonah, where the Bombay Horse Artillery and sundry other regiments are stationed, is four or five miles off, and had we arrived a little earlier, or known what was going on there, we might have seen what I particularly wanted to see, a field-day of the Horse Artillery, which is said to be second in efficiency to none in the world. The view of the plain of Poonah, surrounded at a distance of seven or eight miles, by a range

of rocky, strange-shaped hills, was very beautiful in the morning light. These hills are very peculiar in appearance, many of them appearing as if they had had their tops scarped, and the summit levelled. The soil seems very strong. Just before entering the cantonment of Kirkee, you pass over a long bridge thrown across a lagoon-like sheet of water, with a very pretty green wooded bank sloping down to it. Kirkee itself is merely a collection of thatched bungalows for the officers, and of ranges of similar buildings for the men of the 10th, a small collection of native huts standing near, for the grog-shops, &c., the usual accompaniments of European troops. We drove straight to the bungalow of our host, whom we found still asleep in his verandah, for it was hardly six o'clock, and we shortly afterwards went to sleep too for a few hours. At ten came breakfast, followed by a game at billiards in the mess-house, in the evening a ride on a horse lent by another officer, then dinner. Our host's residence is comfortable enough, small, but the rooms high, and comparatively cool. A wide verandah with open trellis-

work nearly surrounds the house, and prevents the sun from striking on the walls themselves, not that the interior was exactly cool, for the thermometer was much nearer  $90^{\circ}$  than  $80^{\circ}$  during the greater part of the day, but it was not unbearably hot. I was surprised to find the horses of the regiment entirely without shelter. Their stables are merely a double row of low brick or stone walls, the space between which is levelled and made into a sort of promenade, the horses tethered on the other side of the walls facing inwards. Winter and summer, hot winds or rainy season, there they stand all the year round. Even the sick horses are not all under cover. This must try horses at first, in a climate where at nights it is often bitterly cold, and in the middle of the day almost always intensely hot, but I conclude it renders them hardy in the end, and more fit for campaigning than stable kept horses. All the horses of the 10th are Arabs. The men, or such of them as I saw, seemed in very good plight. After a quiet dinner with our host, we started again in a phaeton for Panwell, where we



are to take the steamer for Bombay, a distance of about seventy miles. The night was glorious, and the road, though passing over a more hilly country, less stony and rough than yesterday. In the day-time much of it must be picturesque. At half-past one, we reached the village of Khandalla, thirty-five miles from Kirkee. Khandalla stands at the head of the ghaut, by which we descend from the table-land, or level country, in which we have been travelling, to the lower grounds, which form a kind of belt between it and the sea. The difference in the level I take to be about two thousand feet, and the descent here is so steep, that it is not considered safe to drive down. I daresay it is not safe with the vicious beasts one gets here, and the inferior workmanship of the carriages; but I have seen worse places on the Continent. There is, however, a regular establishment of bearers and palkees at Khandalla (which is a cluster of cottages, bungalows, and other buildings, including an hotel in a beautiful situation on the edge of the table-land), to carry travellers and their baggage up and down. G. went in a palkee, I walked down, the descent taking

rather more than two hours. We were, however, considerably delayed by the immense number of bullock carts and laden bullocks we met on the pass. Whether it was an unusual number, taking advantage of the moonlight to get up the pass or not, I don't know. We certainly could not have met less than four hundred and fifty carts, and a thousand laden bullocks. The views by moonlight were beautiful, and must be still more so by daylight, but we could not afford to wait for that, as it would have given us a good deal more sun than we should have liked. At the bottom of the ghaut another phaeton received us, in which we performed the rest of the journey to Panwell, the road to which passes through a very pretty valley with the strangest shaped hills on either side, the tops of some looking like castles and fortresses, and of considerable height. A little before daybreak, we passed a group of people performing a curious kind of dance, round a bamboo frame covered with lamps, accompanying the movements with a wild chant, and the clashing of cymbals, or of pieces of metal producing a noise similar to the clashing of cymbals. It was a wild,

picturesque scene, but we only had a glimpse of it as we passed; and my Hindoostanee was not sufficient to allow of our driver's explanation of the meaning of the ceremony being of any use. We arrived at Panwell at half-past six, and put up at a large—not over clean—inn or bungalow, near the water-side. Panwell being one of the principal resorts of the bullock-carts, which convey the goods landed at Bombay to the interior, and of course also the place to which the produce of the country is brought for shipment, is a busy and dirty place, full of Parsees, small shop-keepers, and waggon-drivers. It stands on an inlet of the harbour of Bombay, and from its low situation must occasionally be properly unhealthy, the ground about it being little better than a salt-water marsh. On our road here we have unavoidably missed seeing one or two remarkable things; among them, a famous cave at Karli, near Khandalla, the old city of Poonah, and a Mahratta fort near it, all described as well worth seeing, but which we had not time to visit. I rather regret the old city, but care little about the fort or the cave. We

were not the only occupants of the bungalow, a party of officers having also taken up their temporary quarters in it, on their way to Bombay. In one of them I found an old messmate, who had left the navy and gone into the Indian army, a proceeding by which I think he had gained but little. The steamer which plies between Bombay and Panwell arrived at about eleven, her coming and going being necessarily governed by the time of high water. We embarked, as did a crowd of natives and one or two European passengers, and got to Bombay at two o'clock. Though the sun was high it was not intensely hot on board the little steamer, for the sea breeze blew strongly in our faces, so much so that we should not have done much against it. I think, had not the tide run pretty strong with us. The beauty of Bombay harbour is much talked of in India, but in the middle of the day the state of the atmosphere is not very favourable to the view, however, we saw enough to show that, under more favourable circumstances, it would appear beautiful. We landed in canoes at a small wharf, and had some

difficulty in procuring palkees, and, when we had got them, in finding out the bungalow of Sir Erskine Perry, to which we were bound; in fact, if we had not fallen in with a Parsee, who spoke English, we should probably have wandered about for some hours, as neither of us had an idea whereabouts to look for the bungalow. People have an odd, but sensible, custom here; their houses are in the old fort or city, but at the commencement of the hot season, they build a temporary town of bamboo and cane houses, in which they sleep and spend as much of their time as they can spare. Each of these houses stands in its own little compound, and most of them have a board stuck up on which is inscribed the name of the owner. The appearance of the whole thing is that of a country fair. From some mistake we were not expected, and we found nobody at our bamboo-house but a peon, who seemed to look upon our irruption with utter indifference. We contrived to make him understand, however, that we wanted to communicate with his master, and it was all put right very soon. The bamboo-house felt particularly cool, with the

sea breeze blowing strong through it and some new clothes, which a Bombay tailor had knocked up on the model of some I had sent round by Leveson's servant from Calcutta, made me look a little less disreputable than had been the case for the last few weeks. Towards evening, Sir Erskine sent a carriage for me, in which I went to a few shops to make some necessary purchases, and afterwards returned to the bungalow, in front of which on the esplanade, or Rotten Row of Bombay, a capital band was playing and the *beau monde* of Bombay assembled to listen to it. Some of the showiest of the carriages contained clean looking white robed Parsees in their high oil skin caps, generally three in a gig, but sometimes in very well looking phaetons, these Parsees are among the most wealthy inhabitants of the place. There were also a number of people, mostly Europeans, among them some ladies, riding much as they might have been at Portsmouth or any other garrison town. The esplanade is much curtailed of its fair proportions by the bamboo city, and is bounded at one end by huge heaps of timber

and large warehouses, on one side by the walls of the fort, and on another by the said bungalows, which stand between it and the sea; the suburb of Byculla may be considered as its boundary at the other end. At high water, the sea comes close to the gate at the end of the lawn-like ground behind our bungalow. When the tide is out the sands afford capital riding-ground. I dined in town with Sir E. Perry; no party, but a capital dinner, with the great luxury of ice, among other good things. We dined in the open air on a kind of terrace, a delightful dining-room in this climate. After dinner our host and I walked back to the bungalow, where we both slept. They say the nights here are less cool than the days, owing to the absence of the sea-breeze, which blows all day but goes down at night, but I did not find it so. The coolness is, however, not of the most agreeable kind, for it feels so moist and damp, that I almost think I prefer the dry heat of the countries we have lately passed through.

*Wednesday, April 16.*—We had so much to do, that mere sight-seeing was out of the question.

One can't do half a dozen things almost at once as one would in England. Here one must take one's time or else expect to be melted, and found in one great blot of perspiration on the floor. However, we saw a good deal of this queer place in our various perambulations about the town, shopping &c. In appearance, it is totally different from any of the Indian towns I have seen, resembling an European city more than an Eastern one. Much of this it owes, I fancy, to the Portuguese. We were taken about in palankeens, and went to a great number of shops, some of them very good ones, particularly the Chinese bazaar, which is full of articles from that country, as well as of the work peculiar to the Malabar coast, delicate carvings in scented woods, there was no lack either of the inland work boxes, &c, the staple manufacture of Bombay. There are also some tolerable shops for the sale of "Europe goods" in Bombay, some kept by English firms, but many by Parsees. Some of our luggage, which we had left to follow us from Poonah, arrived all safe to day, and we had occupation in transferring the same from the



pettaras to the portmanteaux. When that was done, Sir E. called in his carriage to take us a drive to Malabar Point, a beautiful drive of four or five miles along the shore to the northward of the town. Byculla, the suburb through which we passed, reminded me strongly of some of the views on the outskirts of the Ceylon towns, but the houses are, generally speaking, on a larger scale. The principal point of resemblance is in their standing in compounds, thickly planted with palm trees and flowering shrubs. The former in great numbers always have a fine effect. Most of the houses about the part of the road nearest the town are the property of rich Parsees, a few of Hindoos. The street itself is not unpicturesque, (for the above description applies more to the houses which stand back off the road,) with its tall irregular houses, some of five or six stories in height, and many handsomely ornamented with carved and painted wood-work. The numbers of people which always crowd the streets of an Indian town of course lend animation to the scene, from which a clever artist might find plenty of opportunities for sketching. After

getting clear of the suburb, the road leads along the shore of the bay, under a succession of fantastically shaped rocks, apparently heaped up by some convulsion of nature, gradually ascending to the top of the tongue of land which forms the point. The views along this road reminded me of parts of the bay of Naples towards Posilippo. In the rains it must be quite beautiful, as the rocks are then covered by millions of creepers and flowering plants of every description, scattered about the point are various pleasantly situated villas, and at the end of it are those of the governor and his suite overlooking the sea. It was delightful to sit as we did, at the foot of the flagstaff on the point, enjoying the cool evening air and the charming view. The tongue of land, ending in Colaba point, on which Bombay stands, lies opposite, and forms the corresponding point of the bay. Beyond that again is seen the harbour, backed by the high land of Elephanta and the Malabar coast, altogether as fine a view as one could wish to see. The bay between us and Bombay is very shallow, and there is a talk of stretching an embankment across it to

reclaim the ground, an operation which would I daresay in the end pay, but which now can hardly be undertaken by this presidency, whose financial affairs are not supposed to be in the best condition. I should think they had better stick to their railway and to their waterworks, both of which are much more necessary to Bombay, and the presidency of which it is the capital. The drive back was very agreeable. There were great preparations going on at one or two houses for *nâch* parties, much in the same way, *mutatis mutandis*, as at home, chairs, lights, and confectionery being brought in from the respective purveyors thereof. At dinner I met an officer who had come down from Cuttiwar, who gave tempting accounts of the lion hunting there, which he seems to think quite throws tiger shooting into the shade. It must be splendid sport. One thing in the eating way one gets good here, viz., fish. They catch a great deal in ponds, built along the edge of the bay which are left dry by the receding tide, the entrance being closed by a gate when the water begins to ebb. One kind for which Bombay is famous, looks when cooked like a

chip of wood, and goes by the name of the Bombay duck. Another luxury we had here was the mango, than which fruit I know nothing better I think I had tasted in the West Indies before, but I don't think I ever saw any half so good as they are here, although it is too early in the year for them to have reached perfection. I was told that a rich Parsee had for years been endeavouring, but without success to get some sent home to the Queen, they never got home fit to be eaten. He was, however, still going to persevere, so I hope that her Majesty may one day taste what I think certainly the most delicious fruit I ever tasted. To my notion, it smells and tastes something like the most exquisite geranium.

*Thursday, April 17* — Too busy all day even to go and see the dockyard close by. I daresay I shall see that some day or other, so it does not signify much, as far as I am concerned. I just went in for a minute, to do some business about our passage, which is taken for this evening, in the Hon Company's steam frigate "Sesostris, Captain Ball. We had an early dinner with Sir E., and

at five went to the Apollo Bunder, a landing-place or wharf just outside the town walls, where we found Commodore Hawkins, who had kindly offered to take us off to our vessel in his gig. Our traps went off with the mails, &c., in great barges belonging to officials connected with the port. The harbour seemed very full of vessels, among them some large Indiamen, a good sprinkling of steamers, and some pretty opium clippers, and country craft of strange appearance. Among the steamers was a fine one belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, the "Pekin" I think, and a couple of small craft intended for the Indus navigation; the latter built, or at least put together, here, of iron. At six we took leave of our host, who had accompanied us on board, and at half-past six were standing out of the harbour, and had taken our leave of India. The "Sesostris" is an old steamer of seven hundred odd tons and two hundred and twenty horse-power, about as unfit a vessel for carrying the mails or passengers as any that could well be imagined. Being a man-of-war, passengers are only taken by special favour,

that is, the Company gives leave for them to be taken at a certain rate of passage money, which goes to the Captain, by whom they are fed and lodged as well as circumstances and his accommodation will permit. We received every possible attention from him and his officers, to whom this converting of men of war into packets must be pre-eminently disagreeable. Passengers, however willing to accommodate themselves to circumstances, always interfere more or less with the discipline of a ship, and must necessarily take up some of the space, never too great, which otherwise belongs to the ship's company. We are fortunately not many in number, and all men but one, so that we get one of the Captain's small side cabins to wash in. The lady of course occupies the other. There is room for one or two to sleep on the lockers abaft in the Captain's main cabin, but most of us prefer the hammock netting, on the deck, where we all made our beds. Mine was a great piece of canvas (used as a wheel cover in harbour) with a mat spread over it, and on that I slept soundly every night during the voyage, which

lasted until *Monday the 28th of April*, without any particular incident except our meeting the "Moozuffer," a fine steamer belonging to the East India Company, one of four employed in carrying the bi-monthly mails and passengers between Bombay and Suez. She is a handsome vessel of about fifteen hundred tons, brig-rigged, with immense spars. We got news from her to the 24th of March; nothing of importance. The greatest nuisance we have to encounter is the immense quantity of ants, with which this old ship is infested. They don't bite much, but they perpetually crawl over us, and keep us in a constant state of titillation. Our vessel is terribly slow, and we hardly do our one hundred and fifty miles a day, though the weather is lovely and the sea as smooth as glass. The only thing that we were alarmed about was that we might miss the "Haddington" at Aden, in which case we should have had to stop at that dull place about a fortnight, by no means a pleasant alternative. However, we all resolved not to think of that, and amused ourselves with games at "bull" or "ship's billiards,"

a game played with patches of lead or grunnets of rope, thrown into certain squares marked with numbers, and various other diversions, by which, and by reading and scribbling, the time was made to pass tolerably agreeably. After we had been out a few days the funnel got well filled with soot, and began to amuse itself by vomiting its contents over us, so that we generally woke in the morning with our countenances beautifully embossed in black patterns. Some, still more favoured, had their beds set fire to, and in some cases were obliged to throw their pillows or blankets overboard. On *Sunday, the 27th*, we saw a steamer, which gave us great satisfaction, for we thought she was going the same way as ourselves, and that she must therefore be the "Haddington, as in that case we must certainly be in time, but she turned out to be the "Ajdah, with the mails of April 7. We did not communicate with her, or rather she would have nothing to say to us. There is a curious mixture of races in this craft, what with passengers and crew. First, there are the Europeans, which include the captain officers, the seamen, and most



of the passengers (among which last are sundry officers of her Majesty's and the Company's troops); then there are Parsee servants, Mahomedans, also in the same line, the difference between the two sects very evident from the cast of their respective countenances; then there are two native women, one from the neighbourhood of Bombay, the other from lower down the Malabar coast—the former wife to a sepoy sergeant, on his way to Aden—the latter, ayah, or nurse, to the little daughter of our lady passenger; then there are the Lascars and the marines, the latter very different in appearance from the great heavy well-fed Royal Marines of her Majesty's navy, and generally, though I believe not necessarily, Mahomedans; besides these, there are some so-called Portuguese (half-castes, of whom there are great numbers about Bombay), and a number of genuine Africans, natives of Zanzibar, who are employed as coal-trimmers, the heat of the bunkers being found to be too great for even the natives of India; these last are immensely stout athletic fellows, with hideous faces and salamander constitutions; in mind they

are said to be little better than monkeys, but they seem good humoured and hard working fellows. Everything must have an end, and our comfortless voyage came to one by our arrival at Aden, at half past four of the 28th of April, so that we have been eleven days doing somewhere about fifteen hundred miles. To our great satisfaction we found that the 'Haddington' had not arrived, and it was not much less when, at eleven o'clock the same night, she made her appearance. We had all gone on shore to take up our sleeping quarters at the inn, and soon knew for certain that it was the steamer we expected, by the landing of a number of noisy passengers. We found Aden in rather a queer state, the communication between the inn and its neighbourhood and the cantonments, almost entirely cut off except to armed parties, the Arabs being supposed to have sworn vengeance against the Feringhees on account of the death of some of their tribes in their various encounters with us. The murder of Captain Milne, outside the lines, has alarmed everybody, and the residents at the cantonments sleep literally on their arms

The horse-boys and boatmen, who are so numerous about the inn, are, however, supposed not to be so inimical to us, and there is little or no precaution considered necessary in that immediate neighbourhood. We got a better view of the place as we came in to-day than we had last time. It is about the most barren volcanic-looking place I ever saw, more like the "region of the Demon of Desolation" in a minor theatre's melodrama than a tropical spot. Its appearance is that of a heap of yellowish brown peaks and precipices jumbled together, with here and there a castle or a tower on the summits, and a sprinkling of bungalows and block-houses near the water-side. In the harbour we found lying the Company's corvette, "Elphinstone," and schooner, "Clive," besides some merchant vessels which had been discharging coal. I heard of some sportsmen having been over to the African coast and killed four elephants with splendid tusks, and some enormous wild boar.

## CHAPTER XII

Donkey and Pony Galloping—Execution in Chains—Passage up the Red Sea—Embark for Atfeh—Passage to Trieste—Laibach—Caves of Adelsburgh—Return to England

*Tuesday, April 29* —A ride to the packet agents, and a dip in the sea, passed the time until breakfast, at which we were joined by a great many of the “Haddington s passengers, among whom are some acquaintances, two or three of them fellow passengers of ours in the outward voyage last year. There was the usual scene all day of donkey and pony galloping, to which we owed our nearly missing our passage, for in the evening we three started to ride to the gate where the Arab who tried to assassinate Lieutenant Delisser of the 78th but who caught a Tartar, is hung in chains, and our ponies were so tired that they could hardly bring us back. This operation is said to have had a good effect, as the Arabs fancy that any one hung

in chains cannot get to paradise until he is taken down. The culprit is lashed to a kind of frame, placed near an outwork outside the walls, by which everybody who enters Aden from the land-side must pass. Attempts have been made to take the body down, so a guard of European troops is always there at night, besides the usual guard of sepoys, and the outwork is well provided with guns and within easy distance of reinforcements if required. A good deal has been done to the fortification since we were here. They now look as if they would resist the attack of a very formidable regular army, let alone a horde of wild Arabs. Perhaps the rumour that the French government are thinking of taking possession of some point in the Red Sea has alarmed the Indian government. A French man-of-war has been here on her way to the Red Sea, which gives some ground for believing the report. Our ride over, we reached the "Haddington" just in time, and a few minutes afterwards were steaming out of the harbour. We are much more comfortably lodged here than in the "Sesostriis," having a good cabin for three in the after saloon.

The next day, *April 30th*, we passed the straits of Babel Mandeb—saw a devil fish. Our passage up the Red Sea presented no incidents worth noticing. Off Mocha we saw the French man of war above mentioned at anchor, we passed sundry merchant vessels working slowly up towards Suez, and after a very fine, calm passage, except the last night when it was rather breezy, we reached Suez on *Tuesday May 6th*. Whatever may have effected it, there was a marked improvement in the style of living on board the “Haddington” on this voyage, from our last run down the Red Sea in her. I certainly never was better fed on board ship than in the homeward voyage, and the only thing we could find fault with was that the wines might have been better. The landing accommodation at Suez had also been increased, by a small steamer having been placed on the line to carry the passengers and their baggage ashore. I landed in a boat, however, and thereby got ashore a little earlier than the rest. We found great improvement also in the Suez inn, which is much cleaner, and the commissariat department better supplied than formerly. The people are

very civil and obliging. We were, luckily for us, in the second batch of vans, and started at three, the first batch leaving at eleven. Each batch consisted of five vans, as usual, and reached Cairo in about fourteen hours. Among the vans are some much more comfortable than the others, being new, fitted with arms like railway carriages, and altogether better arranged, and gave rise to an exhibition of rudeness and selfishness on the part of some of the men passengers in taking them to themselves, and refusing to give them up to some of the ladies, which they seemed to think remarkably clever on their parts. However through the remonstrances of an American gentleman and others, we got one of the better kind for the ladies of our batch, though not without some grumbling. We were lucky in our time of starting, as we had the benefit of the cool night air in the desert. In fact it was almost cold, and our great coats came into requisition very soon after sunset. At half past five of *Wednesday, May 7th*, we were in Cairo, where we put up at the *Hôtel de l'Orient*. During the day I amused myself by a stroll in the *Ezbekieh*, one of the

pleasantest things one can do in Cairo, and at eight we were driven in the usual omnibuses down to the river, where we embarked by torch-light on board No. 12 steamer for Atfeh. Our party consisted of two ladies and twenty-two gentlemen, the remainder of the passengers having been "told off" to follow in the morning. The night was spent comfortlessly enough, and early in the morning we grounded on a sand bank owing to the lowness of the water. The difference in the views on the river, owing to the alteration in the height of the water, is very remarkable. When we were last on it, we had an extensive view over a rich level country; now we can see nothing but a steep bank on either side, with the tops of the trees, a little way from the edge, just peering over. Then it was a rapid and broad river; now it is comparatively sluggish, and full of islands and sand-banks. We were aground for about an hour, but got off at last, and without further adventure got to Alexandria at about eleven o'clock, when we were none of us sorry to get to bed at the Hôtel de l'Europe.

*Friday, May 9.*—The Trieste people started



two boats, and as the second is the fastest we settled to go in it, so that we had a day to throw away in Alexandria. The second batch of passengers did not get in till very late, having been aground for a much longer time than we were. In fact, they barely arrived in time to put their luggage and embark themselves on board the "Ripon," which sailed with them in the evening. We, who remained for the Trieste boat, including nearly all our Bombay passengers, amused ourselves by looking about Alexandria, and the next day, *May 10th*, we embarked on board the Austrian steamer "Italia," of six hundred and thirty tons, and two hundred and sixty horse-power, and by twelve o'clock, were steaming away from Trieste. Our heavy traps we sent home by one of the screw steamers, which now run on this line, the Peninsular and Oriental Company declining to take a man's portmanteau without its owner. Our good luck followed us, and we had a fine passage to Trieste, which we reached at four o'clock on *Thursday the 15th*, having stopped a few hours at Corfu. Things are well managed by this line. The

steamer we were in was furnished and the food given more in the foreign fashion than in the English, but she was clean, and the food very fair. The vessel herself fast and handsome, the greatest fault on board being the want of washing accommodation. Her engines and engineer were English. The baggage was soon passed, and I got away from Trieste with two others, who were equally anxious, from various reasons, to get on as soon as they could. Trieste is beautifully situated, and I daresay might be pleasant to stop at for a time. An excellent military band played in the evening, and a great number of people assembled to hear it. We travelled post through a lovely country, and by noon of the 16th, arrived at Laibach, passing the caves of Adelsburgh without visiting them, as we were all anxious to get on. After all at Laibach, where we put up at the Hotel de Vienne, we had to wait till half past seven for the train. Laibach is a pretty quiet little town, with the usual theatre, *cafés* and promenade. The night was cold, rainy, and windy, but we were very comfortable in our railway carriage, and slept

very well until six o'clock (*May 17th*), when we reached Gratz. There is a break in the railway from Wurzhuzlaz to Gloggnitz, where the line across the Sommering pass is not yet completed, and we crossed in coaches, taking about three hours to do it. Leaving Gloggnitz at half-past two, we were at Vienna by five o'clock. From thence the route is simple enough, and for railway travelling remarkably slow. At Vienna I parted with my two companions, having fallen in with others, members of my family; and travelling quietly home, stopping here and there on the way, I arrived in England on the *29th of May*. Our route by rail took us through Prague, which well deserves a few days' stay; Dresden, which is worth going to, if only to see the Raphael; Leipsig, Brunswick, Hanover, Cologne, Brussels, and Calais; whence we crossed to Dover in the "*Princess Mary*," a smooth passage and hardly anybody sea-sick. One need hardly say that we were all glad to be at home again. For my part, though it was the end of one of the pleasantest tours I ever made, I am delighted that it is over: whether one returns from voyages of

pleasure or of duty, it is always pleasant to find oneself back in England

Fifty years ago, who would have thought that it ever would be possible for a man to leave London, to spend upwards of three months in India, besides a month in Ceylon, and to be back again in London in a few days over seven months? Fifty years hence, it will probably have ceased to excite any wonder but it is useless to speculate on what railways and steam may do. The changes the latter are likely to work in India are, I fancy, quite beyond the reach of speculation, but at present it looks much as if it was determined that the changes should be very gradual indeed, as far as they may be acted upon by railways at least, for out of the thousand and more miles which must compose the perhaps most important line of any, that from Calcutta to Delhi, but a very small portion of the first forty is in process of construction. On the scarcely less important side of Bombay, matters are I believe in much the same condition. The causes of this apparent apathy are many and various. I take it that a principal

one is the apathy of the rich natives concerning it: they don't know what a railway is. Never having seen one they cannot appreciate its benefits, and they will not venture their money in a concern of which they know nothing, and which is not set going by any great European capitalists, of whom one need not expect to find many in the comparatively small number of Europeans (almost all civil *employés* or military men) resident in India. The natives know one another too well to trust their cash entirely in their countrymen's hands. This is what I suppose to be one of many causes acting against the making of railways in India. For anybody who wants others they may find them in blue books and newspaper columns *ad libitum*. As it at present exists, the actual fact of locomotion in India is not particularly agreeable, at least by *dâk* travelling. It takes one a good while to get accustomed to the motion of a palkee, and still more time to get callous to the noise of the bearers. Then there are always the fears of a pole breaking, or of one's luggage being left behind, or some such minor inconveniences, almost as

disagreeable as more important ones. Two things I would recommend to all other "griffins" who may make an Indian tour, and those are, not to overload either the palkee or the pettaras, (which last are by far the best things to take clothes, &c. about in,) and to buy good strong pettaras at the European shops instead of procuring them in the native bazars, where one gets them for half the money, and warranted to last about one tenth of the time. If I were to leave England again on an Indian tour, I should leave a great many things behind that I started with on this occasion, and would replace some of them with others, the want of which I sometimes felt. Perhaps a few hints on this subject may be useful. Unless I was going on a regular sporting tour, I would take but one gun, and that a double barrel, smooth bore No. 12 or 13, made strong enough to carry ball with safety, I think that with that, and a brace of pistols or a revolver, and a good deer-stuffing knife, always a useful article, one has quite as much in the way of weapons as one need carry about. The gun case should be covered with some

waterproof stuff; and, for the overland and steamer part of the journey, packed in tarred canvas, or some similar wrapper. As to clothes, all the guide-books tell one different stories upon that subject. For the sea-voyage, I took out all the old shirts and so on that I had, some of my midshipman's stock even coming in handy for the occasion (the throwing overboard of which, after wearing once, caused no great loss, and saved the bore of having an immense accumulation of dirty linen in my portmanteaux), besides a few of a better kind for wearing in civilised society. In India one can get clothes washed almost anywhere, about the European stations at least, and the vacancy caused by the throwing overboard process was easily and cheaply supplied for the homeward voyage, at Bombay. One has no time in either voyage for getting things washed. Light clothing I would take as little of from England as possible, in fact just enough for the voyage, so as not to be stewed alive for want of it on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean. They don't understand in England what an Indian means by light clothing, and one gets

of course the better it is; the portmanteaux do not get very well treated on board the steamers, or on the transit part of the journey through Egypt. They should be strong, and should have good covers, with the name, &c., painted in full, in good large letters. They should not be too large, and I think our plan with regard to them was good: we left them all at Calcutta, and had them sent round by steam to meet us at Bombay. Had we taken them with us they would never have reached the latter place; as it was they were only a little knocked about—hardly damaged at all.

In the way of books, I can say but little. I have nothing to say about the historical works on India; they are generally too cumbersome for a mere tourist to take about; and as a guide-book, I know of none better than "Bishop Heber's Journal." As a general rule, one cannot buy books in India. A few old ones may be picked up now and then at the great stations, and there are booksellers' shops, of course, at the capitals of the several presidencies, but books are scarce and enormously dear. I need hardly say that it is pleasant to



have something to read on the passage out when one has little else to do than to read, flirt, and be sea sick, or, in the absence of the latter accompaniment, to eat and drink, which functions are carried on to an amazing extent on board of the steamers, from the moment of the recovery of the passengers to that of their disembarkation at Calcutta. In a country where so much is to be seen, and in which I spent so short a time, it would be absurd in me to recommend any particular town. All I can say is, that as a commencement and a comparatively central point to start from, there is no place better than Calcutta, as there the best palkees and other travelling apparatus are procurable, and from thence the arrangements for going up country are easiest made. Of course I know nothing about the Madras presidency.

I cannot conclude without paying my humble tribute of thanks to the many persons whose hospitality and kindness we experienced during our tour. Wherever we went it was the same. Every European house was open to us, and the

best of everything placed at our disposal. I only wish it were likely that I should ever have an opportunity of returning half the many attentions and civilities we received. It seems hard upon our kind hosts, after doing our little best to eat them out of house and home, to advise other people to follow in our steps, well knowing that they will probably do the same thing. Nevertheless, I do not think that if by any chance this Journal should induce anybody to take an Indian tour, it will be regarded with the less favour by the residents in India; so to all idle men with a little spare cash and tolerable constitutions, who want a comparatively new field to exercise their touring propensities, I repeat: Try India, and you will not repent of it.

THE END.

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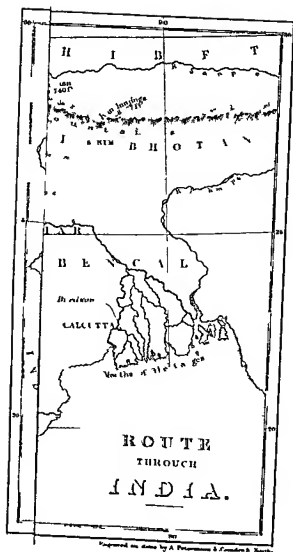
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